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SIXPENCE.

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THE DELHI CELEBRATIONS: BUILDING A TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE MORI GATE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.

The framework of the arch was entirely of bamboo, and the curiously crazy ladders which the workmen used were of the same material. Our Artist writes: "How the structure kept together was a marvel."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Some engaging Teutons have conceived a rare stroke of humour. They are shareholders of the defunct Netherlands Railway Company, which rejoiced the heart of Amsterdam by going to war for Mr. Kruger. The British Government has made them a handsome offer for their shares; but they want more, and suggest that, as England is helping Germany to "collect debts" from Venezuela, Germany should "collect" from her ally enough to satisfy the Netherlands shareholders. Nothing so richly humorous is to be found even in the annals of German diplomacy. For pure drollery it may be bracketed with the Boer delusion that, after a war, "provoked," as Dr. Smuts would say, by the loser, the victor shall pay all the damages. Teutonic shareholders think we ought to give them the value of their property before the war in which their directors cheerfully helped our enemy; and that Germany should enforce this great moral by treating us as if we were mere Venezuelans.

Perhaps some enlightened jurist at Munich will point out that the grievances of these shorn lambs ought to be laid before the Hague Tribunal, along with the case of President Castro. Dr. Leyds, in view of Mr. Chamberlain's persistent inquiries after the balance of the funds which the Boer Executive brought to Europe, is probably eager to convince the Hague Arbitrators that it is not he who should pay up, but the wicked British Government. The argument is simple and cogent. The money, or much of it, was spent in the endeavour to make Europe intervene in South Africa. This failed; therefore England ought to hand over the entire sum to the Boer widows and orphans. Hair-splitting lawyers might dispute the force of this, but I am sure it would convince President Castro or the Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan, by the way, has a new grievance. It is the immorality of "Dick Whittington," a pantomime enacted by members of the British colony at Constantinople for the amusement of our Ambassador and British children. The Sultan made a dignified protest, and the Ambassador a brisk retort. An enlightened Caliph can have no wish to put down "Dick Whittington" by force of arms; so he may request the Hague Tribunal to assess in piastres the moral and intellectual damage to his principles.

There may be a deeper significance in this incident. Our diplomatists are sometimes reproached with a lack of imagination in dealing with Oriental scruples. Has Sir Nicholas O'Connor satisfied himself that the Sultan's objection applies to the essential nature of pantomime, and not to some particular characteristic of the Whittington fable? Is it possible that Abdul Hamid detests cats? Some people cannot sit tranquilly in a room if a cat is on the premises. The Sultan may be made most uncomfortable at Yildiz Kiosk by the knowledge that Whittington's cat is prowling near the Sea of Marmora. In that case, nothing would be gained by telling him that the cat was not a real cat, and by trying to beguile him with the famous American anecdote of the mongoose. A traveller in a train observed that the stranger opposite to him had a basket under the seat. In the course of conversation, the stranger remarked that he was on his way to comfort his brother, who suffered from visions of snakes. He had in the basket under the seat a mongoose that would relieve the patient's mind by eating the snakes. "But," said the astonished traveller, "the snakes are not real!" "I guess not," said the stranger, with a cunning smile. "And, between you and me, this ain't a real mongoose!" There is philosophy in that story; but it may not appeal to the Oriental mind. Besides, the Sultan may have read (in a translation) Poe's tale of the black cat which was accidentally walled up with the corpse of the murdered lady, and brought retribution on the guilty man's head by inopportune screeching. That is not a pleasant association for a sensitive monarch. For anything we know, there may be a Turkish prophecy of doom to the Caliphate connected with cats. Dick Whittington's tabby relieved an Eastern potentate of a plague of mice, and also of considerable riches which were bestowed upon a Giaour. Now, suppose the Sultan should connect this with the threatened rising in Macedonia, and with the advantages which the Giaours have hitherto reaped from risings in the Turkish Empire?

Depend upon it, there is more in this than meets the eye. It shows how delicate are the responsibilities of the British Ambassador to the Sublime Porte. He must be careful not to distribute Mr. Louis Wain's delightful cat-books as presents to the children of the British colony. Moreover, as Whittington became Chief Cadi of London with the help of a cat, there is ground for the suspicion that he had made a compact with Mahound, who took the shape of that animal. I hope I have made plain the peculiar danger of nursery legends to our diplomacy at Constantinople. Diplomats everywhere are beset by such hazards that they ought to have an inventive genius for precautions. The new German

Minister at Washington had a flash of inspiration when he married an American. Another German diplomatist was in trouble with his superiors not long ago for taking the same precaution; but they are wiser now. The modern spirit of statecraft must have an American wife. An Embassy at Washington is, to the extent of so many square yards, a foreign appropriation of United States territory; and unless an American hostess be there installed, the ghost of Monroe may haunt the house. A thoughtful Attaché, I am told, has proposed to the Foreign Office that our Ambassadors shall wed the susceptibilities of the nations. By this scheme we should always have a Russian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, a German at Berlin, an Austrian at Vienna, a Parisienne in Paris. There would be a difficulty in changing posts, as the Ambassador cannot have a wife in every port, after the legendary fashion of the British sailor. The diplomatists accredited to the Republic of Hayti might object to marrying ladies of that complexion. But these are trivial obstacles to a great reform.

I sympathise with the American legislator who has introduced into the House of Representatives a Bill for making it disgraceful to possess a private fortune exceeding two millions sterling. How any man who owns more than that modest sum can hold up his head is to me a mystery. I always expect to be stopped in the street by a stranger with a haggard face, who will say, "Pardon me, but I like your looks. There is an expression of manly independence which I find soothing. Do me the honour of dining with me at the Criterion at eight o'clock this evening. If you like any particular wine more than another, pray mention it. As you may surmise from these preliminaries, I do not want to borrow money. I am not a high-class burglar looking for a confederate, but an innocent, wealthy, and most unhappy man. Shall we meet this evening? Thank you, thank you!" He will press my hand fervently, and wipe away a tear. At eight o'clock, over a sumptuous repast, and the particular wine I prefer to any other, he will resume his fascinating address. "I knew at once you were the man I could trust with a deadly secret. I am a millionaire three times over! You turn pale; you start as if I were a guilty thing. I am; but do not leave me. We are only at the oysters; hear me as far as the second *entrée*. Yes, that third million is my awful curse. With two millions I should be happy; poor comparatively, but honest. I made that third million on Wall Street in a moment of temptation. When the full horror of it broke upon me, I fled to Europe; and here I am, a suppliant for your mercy!"

Moved by his evident suffering, I shall eat the second *entrée* without protest, and proceed comfortably through the dinner to the ice (*bombe d'été*). "Ah! Do not say I misinterpret your silence," he will exclaim, a light of hope breaking over his face. "I see in your kindling eye that you anticipate my proposal, and are willing to treat it with indulgence. Take this million. I have a cheque here for the whole amount. You will earn my undying gratitude, for I shall be able to return to my native land without a stigma, and look my distracted family proudly in the face!" "Yes," I will say, reflectively peeling a banana, "I grant your wish. But take your money? Never! Be calm; all is well. Listen. If I were to cash that cheque, I should treble it on the Stock Exchange to-morrow. Then I should be a scandal to righteousness, as you have been. No; let me give it to the waiter. He will build a hotel for distressed foreigners in Soho. The money will be devoted to philanthropy at a small interest, and all peril of unholy increment will pass away!" If this anticipation is of any service to the American legislator's Bill, I hope he will read it (with suitable gesture) to the House of Representatives.

What are we to call a message transmitted by the Marconi telegraphy? The most likely word is "aerogram," and many a citizen must have made this suggestion to the editor of his favourite newspaper in the fond delusion that nobody else had thought of it. One advantage of "aerogram" over "telegram" is that you can shorten it to "aero." It is true that a telegram is commonly called a "wire" by people who must have brevity at any cost; but I am sure that if you tell your lady-love you will send her "an aero," her fastidious sense of verbal propriety will be better pleased by this devotion than by the most assiduous "wiring." In the stress of competition we may even shorten "aero" to "air." For instance, when your lady-love is tempest-tossed in mid-ocean, she can send you an "air" every day to say she is perfectly well and the gentlemen on board are most attentive. Your replies to these messages may be a little heated. Shakspeare, who foresaw everything, must have had this development of the Marconi system in his mind when he wrote—

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from—

well, from elsewhere! But why not perpetuate Signor Marconi's name affectionately abbreviated, and send your fickle fair one a "coni," forbidding her to flirt with sea-monsters?

ART NOTES.

The January exhibition at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond Street, consists of an interesting collection of the works of Mr. Austen Brown, Mr. Coutts Michie, and Mr. Cameron. The last-named is known by his work with the point, and his oil-painting is new to those who have known his etchings during the comparatively few years that have given him his eminent place. It is full of power; for it is certain that a painter has mastered a sufficient technique when he conveys, by pure paint and without any aid of circumstance and story, so fresh, strange, and deep an impression as his picture "Luynes" gives to the spectator of its simplicity. To communicate a profound feeling is to possess a style. Mr. Cameron's picture shows a large landscape decoratively treated, with slender trees and people going up and down the roads; the foreground is warm with colour; and on an eminence, white-walled, high-roofed, with the narrow windows of a fortress, in level light, stands the stronghold-home.

Mr. Austen Brown, who has generally worked on a larger scale and with somewhat overloaded effects of light and colour, exhibits smaller, and in every respect more moderate, pictures. We have in a truer form, and with more loyalty to Nature, arrangements of colour and light that are legitimately pictorial and decorative. Mr. Austen Brown paints sunshine with fine effect, whether in a key of low tones or in effects of high forenoon, but in both day and evening skies he is somewhat too fond of a greenish blue that comes strangely near to the horizon. Some strong colour may be necessary in order to create the warm illumination of the sun, but it is in itself surely a harder and more painful tint than need be. The same may be said of the rather violent green of trees or grass which appears with sudden effect in a landscape arranged of milder colours. These blemishes apart—and they are not defects of power, but incidents of a very deliberate method—this painter is making great advance in the art of vision as well as in the art of execution.

At the Galleries of the Royal Institute in Piccadilly, the Society of Oil Painters holds its twentieth exhibition. No great surprises greet the critic on these extensive walls, but the diligent searcher is rewarded by spots of rest in the form of some thirty pictures that are reposeful in tone and colour. The merit of interest is added to that of reposefulness in some welcome canvases; among these Mr. D. Y. Cameron's two contributions take foremost place. "Dark Angers," in which a bridge carries light across an excellent, though sombre, composition, shows once more how completely the gloomy fascination of Méryon-like walls has made Mr. Cameron captive. Undeniably truthful, however, are Mr. Cameron's impressions of sinister castles with mysterious windows. He has of late chosen the old fortified towns of France as his painting-ground, and these have supplied him with the contrast, so effectively rendered, of living sunny landscape and dead blank wall. The "Spring Blossoms, Touraine," is an interesting example of Mr. Cameron's interesting art.

Mr. Melton-Fisher, the vice-president of the Society, will please the many admirers of his Venetian pictures by a recurrence in slight form to the subject he so often and so charmingly treated before portrait-painting claimed his attention. Gently ruddy roofs, painted in a soft and discriminating light, form Venice as seen from the Tower of St. Aponal, looking towards the mainland. Miss Fortescue-Brickdale sends "Proud Maisie," a picture which hardly profits from a resemblance in its minutely hard green foliage to Mr. Byam Shaw's Academy picture of two years ago—"The Boer War"—and to Millais' early portrait of Ruskin. The painter would have been better advised in lending less obvious pride to her "Proud Maisie," whom she has painted with the stage expression of scorn. Miss Fortescue-Brickdale must be thanked, however, for making a point of very decided interest in the Society's exhibition. Mr. Dudley Hardy does us the same favour, though in so different a manner, in his picture of "Idlers," wherein a group of Easterns play, and watch, a game of chess with supreme solemnity.

M. Garrido displays a versatile brush in his two contributions; for in the first, named by the line "And pity from thee more dear than love from another," is a study of a head, gently but completely modelled; while in the second, "All Alive-o!" the two girls, one the vendor, the other the purchaser, of some shining mackerel, are in so strong a light that their features appear to be over-modelled and slightly distorted by shadow, although so skilfully painted. Mr. Moffat Lindner is characteristically represented by "The Solent—Afterglow"; Mr. Arthur G. Bell by "The Lonely Seashore"; Mr. Jacomb Hood by a portrait of Mrs. Forbes-Robertson; Mr. George C. Haité, R.I., by his "Tangiers: Embarking Bullocks for Gibraltar"; and Mr. Julius Olsson by an intensely blue sea in his "The Outer Scillies." "The Bridge of Grées," a clever piece of painting by Mr. John Lavery.

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

We said in a former notice that the art of Cuyp is not lovable, whether as a loyal representation of nature or for the sake of the picture as a picture. The fact is, probably, that the Dutch school of landscape gained its importance in the history of painting not so much because it was very fine as because it was nearly the earliest. The eighteenth century praised the Dutch, and criticism has followed in the same way almost ever since, in spite of the truer landscape schools of which Wilson, Gainsborough, Crome, Turner, Rousseau, Corot, and Monet are respectively the masters. To admire the seventeenth-century Dutch pastures, blackberry-brambles, sunsets, cows, and wayfarers has become a tradition; Ruskin interrupted it, but it was languidly resumed when his influence waned, and it lingers now in a half-hearted appreciation. The fact that an Academic attempt has been made to render homage to Cuyp as the chief landscape-painter at this winter's exhibition is a sign both of the persistence and of the weakness of this traditional admiration. For here is a great collection of Cuyp, but the heroes of the show are Tintoretto, Wilson, and Turner.

A really fine work by Cuyp is the large scene of river and boats and sky exhibited by Mr. Roberts—"View on the Maas"—and not a cattle-picture, or a river-picture, or a sunset. And another work by the same master which is not tedious is also none of these, for it is the portrait of a little girl, lent by Lord Northbrook. The presentation of the child is neither very dignified nor very distinguished as a picture, but it is animated and simply and directly painted. And the tedium of so many Cuyp landscapes is so great—so cumulative—that the relief afforded by a painting of a little girl and by that of a picture of shipping is sensible. Apart from this advantage, however, the "View on the Maas" is a noble work. Instead of the usual Cuyp sunshine or sunset we have a great sky of cloud, fine in form and colour, an aerial grey vapour, silver lights, and a space of grave and beautiful blue. The composition of the boats is also masterly.

Room No. XI. is devoted to an exhibition of singular interest, antiquarian and artistic. During the years 1900, 1901, and 1902, Mr. Arthur Evans excavated the legendary site of the palace and "labyrinth" of King Minos, at Knossos, in Crete. The Schliemann diggings at Troy and Mycenæ are of less importance than these later labours in a place supposed during so many centuries to be dignified by a mere myth. For by these discoveries we find the date of the invention of letters and their introduction to Greek soil put back many ages. We find also a development of architecture, sculpture and painting resembling the fifth-century work of Athens, but produced by artists working for the King and law-giver of Crete in the eighteenth. It is, at least, approximately to that century B.C. that the foundations of the magnificent palace at Knossos and the wonderful work of the artist Dædalus are assigned. Among the most astonishingly beautiful of the sculptures brought to light are the figures of leaping youths—admirable in form, action, and anatomy—and a fine head of a bull. We have here nothing less than an immensely more ancient and perhaps equally glorious Athens.

Mr. Evans has fulfilled his most important task under no ordinary difficulties, and after six years of anxiety and strife. He was fortunate in being seconded by Prince George of Greece, whose rule in Crete has been marked by every kind of liberal wisdom. Misrule has prevailed long enough on this ancient and most illustrious soil, but the present time has brought a law-giver once more to the old kingdom of Minos, the inventor of laws, the King who legislated in the under-world of Antiquity, and sentenced the souls of the condemned in the Inferno of Dante.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE DEVIL'S FORGE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

A very pretty little ballet was produced at the Alhambra on Monday night, in the orthodox form with which the productions at this house have nearly always been associated. No songs, choruses, or dialogue distract the attention and waken the spectator's critical faculty to the difficulties attending any company that tries to turn from ballet to comic opera at short notice: "The Devil's Forge" tells a brief but adequate story in dumb show and in two scenes, the second being very picturesque and admirably lighted. German legendary lore has several tales of enchanted swords: the story told at the Alhambra endeavours to show us where these swords are forged and repaired, how they are guarded, and what dangers beset the adventurous youth who would seek to temper his weapon with the virtues of the secret fire and hidden water. This theme lends itself admirably to divertissement, and while the colour-scheme is of necessity flamboyant, the general effect is admirable, for large masses may be handled boldly. There is some excellent pantomime work for Miss Slack, who, modelling her style upon that of the great Cavallazzi-Mapleson, strives hard to invest the chief part with dignity; and there is some charming dancing by Mdlle. Alma Mari, who, without attempting to undertake the difficult steps essayed by the leading dancers of Europe, contrives to be graceful and interesting all the time. Within the limits she has set herself Mdlle. Mari is a most attractive dancer. In the divertissements one realises that Signor Carlo Coppi is no longer at the Alhambra, and it must be suggested that certain costumes do not quite conform to the high standard of taste that is generally maintained by the house. A special word of praise is due to Mr. George Byng's score. The music is fluent, melodious, and fresh; it is intimately related to the story told on the stage, and has many qualities that deserve the record of publication.

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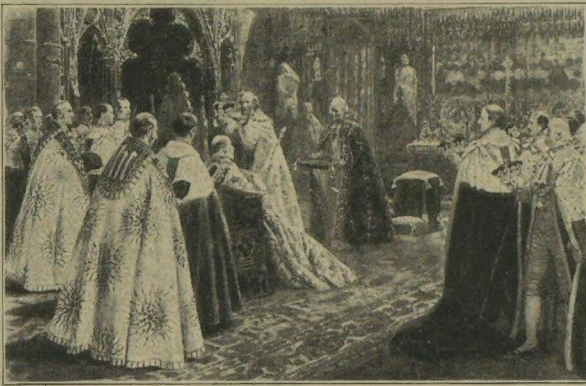
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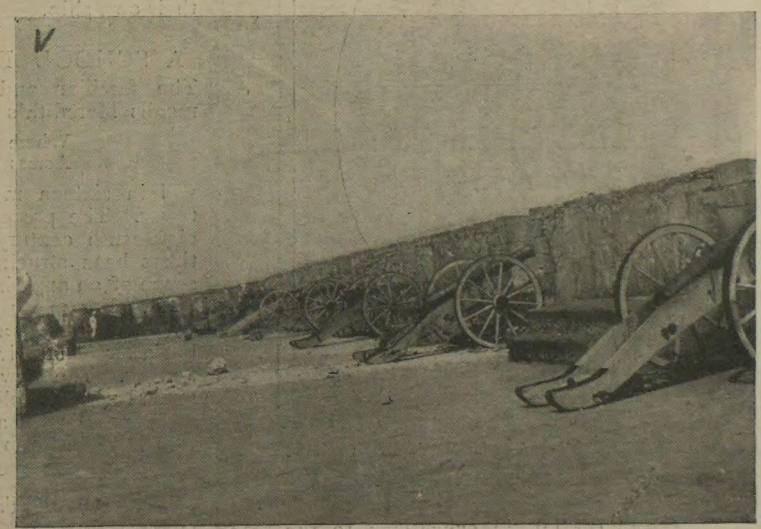
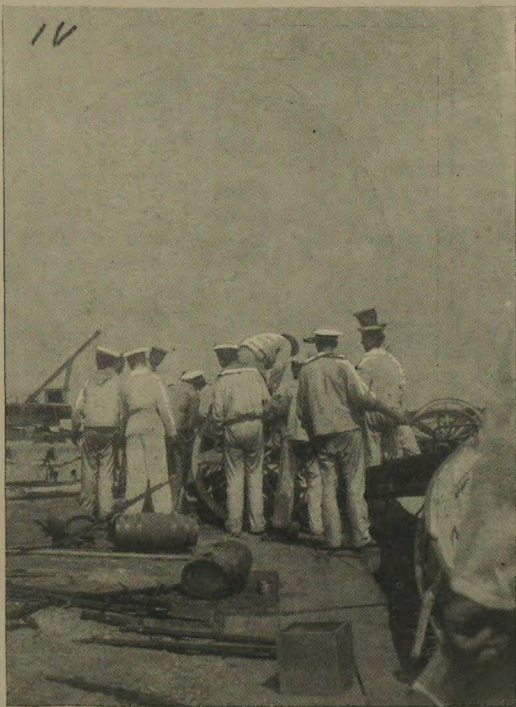
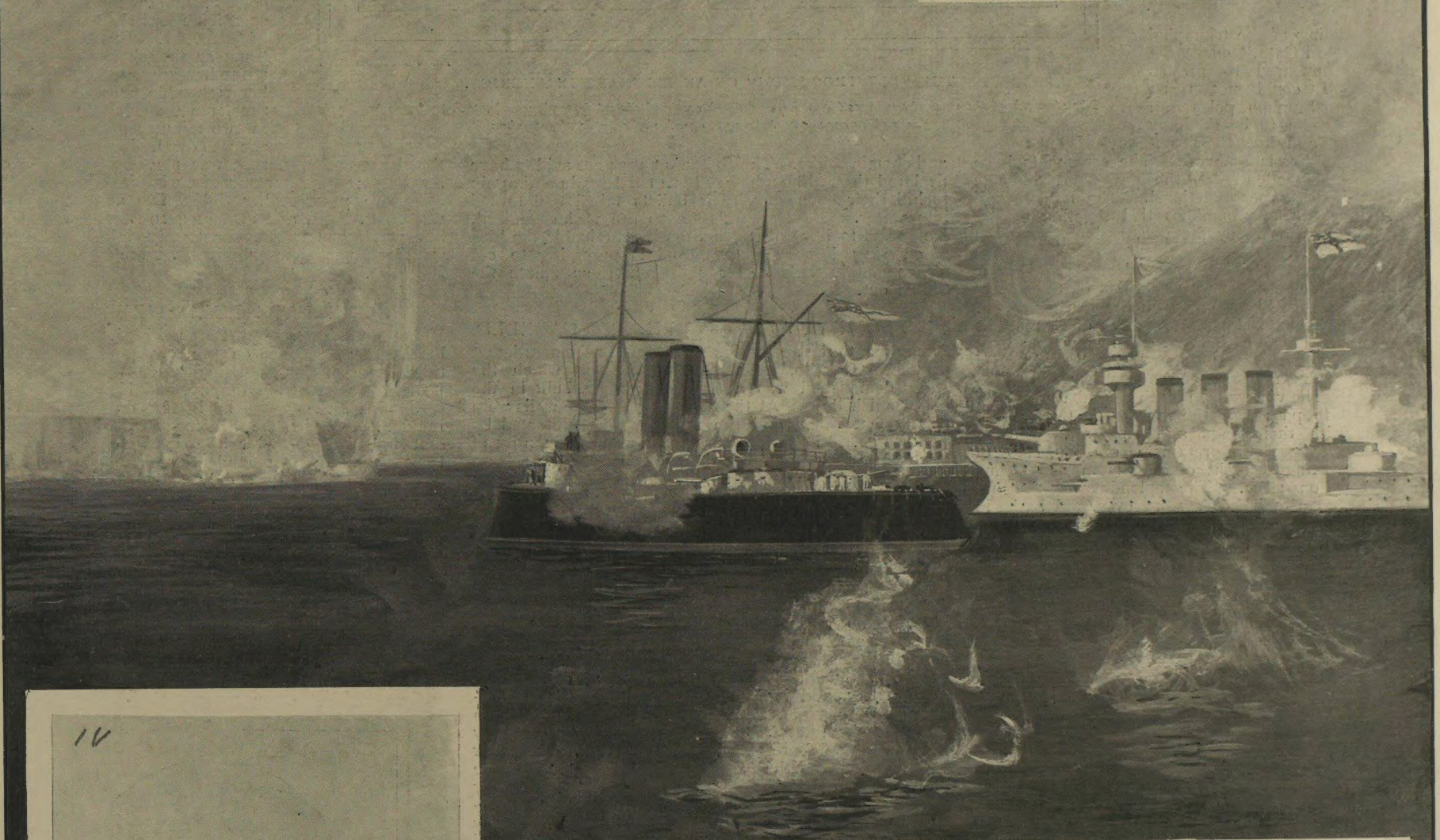


A PICTURESQUE MOMENT: THE BARN DANCE.

(See "Ladies' Page.")

THE VENEZUELAN DIFFICULTY: THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORT AT PUERTO CABELLO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT F. V. TEMPLE; DRAWING BY F. T. JANE FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER WHO TOOK PART IN THE BOMBARDMENT.



1. FORT LIBERTADOR, VIEWED FROM THE APPROACHING ALLIED FLEET.

2. THE SEA FRONT OF THE FORT AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF SHELL FIRE.

3. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT LIBERTADOR BY H.M.S. "CHARYBDIS" AND THE GERMAN CRUISER "VINETA."

4. GERMAN BLUEJACKETS REMOVING ONE OF THE GUNS OF FORT LIBERTADOR TO THE "VINETA."

5. THE BATTERY ON THE LAND SIDE OF FORT LIBERTADOR, ONLY SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BY THE ALLIES' FIRE.

The ships brought both batteries into action at once, and in half an hour reduced the fort to ruins. The "Charybdis" lies to the left, the "Vineta" to the right.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DELHI DURBAR.

ACCIDENT TO OUR ARTIST'S SKETCHES.

The comparatively small number of sketches by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Delhi, appearing in this week's issue is accounted for by the unfortunate destruction by fire of a large budget of drawings which Mr. Melton Prior had ready for the mail. Writing on Christmas Day, our Artist says: "One of the biggest disasters I have ever met with in my career occurred last night. My sketches and a large number of photographs were destroyed by fire. Luckily I have saved three, which I am sending, but I shall have to begin again at the beginning. I thought to send you such a fine mail this week." In addition to the notes which we print below Mr. Melton Prior's drawings, he writes with reference to the embroidery-factory: "Kishan Chand employs a native artist, who designs the patterns and walks about overlooking the men at work. Some of the old men shown in the sketch are, I am told, the finest workmen at their particular craft to be found in India. Their hours are comparatively easy, being from nine to five." Of the humours of mendicancy in the Chandni Chowk, Mr. Melton Prior writes: "The foolhardy person who gives even the smallest coin is immediately surrounded by a suppliant crowd. If you appeal to a policeman, he appeals to the beggar, who in return appeals to him, and then moves off a few paces, only to return again to the charge."

"The building of the triumphal arch at the Mori Gate," our Artist continues, "appeared to me so quaint that I could not resist sketching it. Bamboo poles and split bamboo seem to be the only material used, and how the structure is kept together is a marvel. The ornaments have been made independently on the pavement, and are covered over with paper and tinsel. The ladders are very curious—two long bamboos tied together at any angle or distance as fancy dictates, and up these the workmen scramble."

One of the most striking spectacles of the Durbar celebrations was the review of retainers of the ruling chiefs, which was held on Jan. 7 in the Durbar arena. The Viceroy and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present, and before them passed in review a long array of Indian warriors in panoplies the fashion of which may have been old when our ancestors were attired only in woad. The van was led by the Bombay retinues, and the first to pass were the men of the Maharajah of Kolapur with their flags and emblems. Camels and elephants bore the retainers of the Rao of Cutch, and, strangest sight of all, his men-at-arms marched past on stilts. The splendour of the old Mahratta chiefs astonished Western eyes, and barbaric music from the camel kettledrums of Orchha and the Dattia Dhar musicians accompanied the pageant.

THE NEW DEPUTY-MASTER OF THE MINT.

The First Lord of the Treasury has appointed the Right Hon. William Grey Ellison-Macartney to be Deputy-

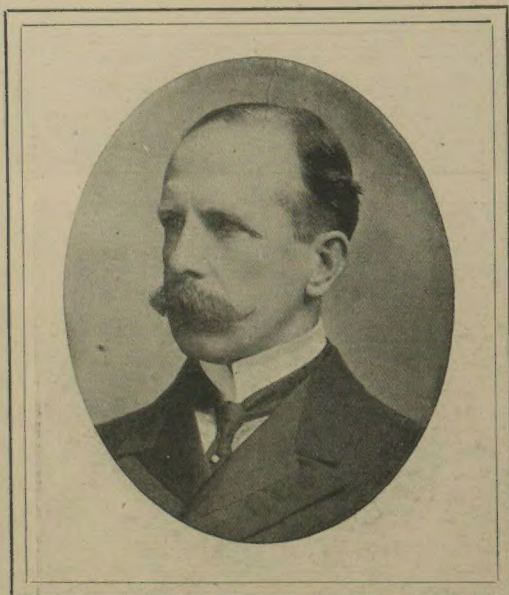


Photo. Russell.

MR. W. G. ELLISON-MACARTNEY, P.C., M.P.,
NEW DEPUTY-MASTER OF THE MINT.

Master of the Royal Mint, in succession to the late Sir Horace Seymour. The new Deputy-Master was born in Dublin in 1852, the eldest son of Mr. John William Ellison-Macartney (who sat in Parliament as member for Tyrone from 1874 till 1885), and was educated at Eton and at Exeter College, Oxford. Called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1878, he entered political life in 1885 as member for South Antrim, and from 1895 till 1900 was Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty. He married Ettie, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, of Outlands, Devonport, in 1897.

THE CRISIS IN MOROCCO.

During the past few days advices from Fez have chronicled fluctuations in the Sultan's fortunes. About the end of last week it seemed as though the Sultan was likely to get the upper hand of the rebels, and the anxiety for Europeans in the Moorish capital was somewhat relieved. Later advices, however, stated that the Royalist army appeared to be thoroughly demoralised and incapable of withstanding the Pretender's fanatical followers. The Pretender, of course, poses as a Madhi, and is consequently able to augment his influence by working on the superstitious fears of friends

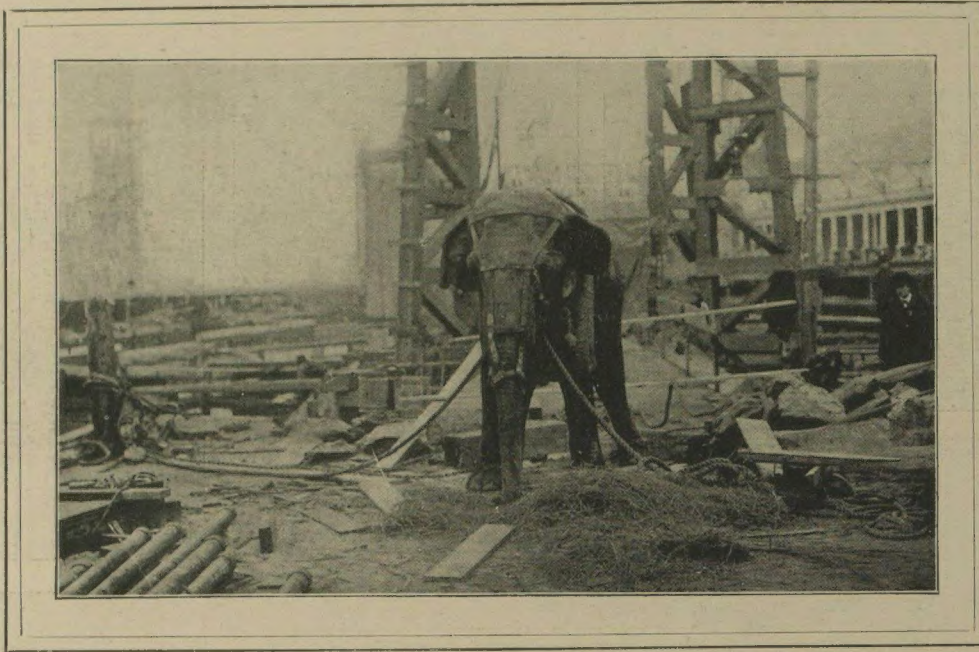


Photo. Grantham Bain.

THE "ELECTROCUTION" OF AN ELEPHANT IN AMERICA.

The strength of the current used was 6600 volts, and death occurred almost instantaneously. "Topsy" was previously given three carrots containing 260 grains of cyanide of potassium

and enemies alike. The Sultan's troops are said to have declared that, although they have tried again and again to kill their opponents, their bullets failed and turned into water. Bu Hamara's troops are well organised. He seems to have abandoned as impracticable the idea of carrying Fez by assault, and is preparing to cut off communications and supplies, and so starve the Sultan out.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF PUERTO CABELLO.

According to the authentic account of the bombardment of Puerto Cabello, we learn that the fort which the Allies demolished was a strong structure built in the old Spanish days. At the thinnest place the walls were twenty feet thick, and the masonry was protected by earthworks. In the fort was stored a large quantity of arms and ammunition. A day or two after the seizure of the Venezuelan gun-boats, certain Republican soldiers looted the Cardiff collier *Topaze*, then lying in the harbour of Puerto Cabello, hauled down the British flag, and subjected the crew to horrible indignities. The English and German commodores accordingly demanded a formal apology, and as this was not received within the appointed time, they opened fire on the fort. The Venezuelan artillery replied, and hit H.M.S. *Charybdis*, but did no harm. The British vessel then poured in a perfect storm of shell, making excellent practice, and the German vessel *Vineta* fired with equal precision, though less rapidly. The garrison fled precipitately, and in about half an hour signs of submission were made, and the firing ceased. The town was untouched, but the fort was laid in ruins. The only persons injured were two Venezuelans, who broke their legs jumping over the parapet of the fort in their haste to be gone. Had the Allies cared, they could easily have shot down the fleeing garrison, who exposed themselves recklessly. Some bluejackets from the *Vineta* afterwards took one of Fort Libertador's guns on board their own ship.

A SCHOOL FOR LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPERS.

The familiar and famous English lighthouse which recalls Meredith's lines—

Where Grisevink winks to Dungeness,
Across the ruffled strip of salt,

will in sixteen months' time be superseded by a new tower. The present building, which was erected in the eighteenth century by the Earl of Leicester, has several times been struck by lightning. Dungeness was the scene of an experiment which foreshadowed the searchlight. For many years a great reflector on the beach was used to cast a powerful beam on vessels in distress, but after exhaustive trial it was abandoned as unsatisfactory. The new lighthouse now being erected on a mound near the old one, but further inland, will be used as a practical training-school for lighthouse-keepers who have hitherto received instruction in London.

THE ABBOTS OF BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

During excavations in the floor of the Abbey Chapter-house at Bury St. Edmunds, the coffins and skeletons of five abbots have been discovered, and, thanks to the careful preservation of the Abbey register at Douai, identified with considerable certainty. Dr. Rhodes-James, who has consulted the record, finds it in wonderful agreement with the positions of the coffins, which were interred in one long line, the head of one to the foot of the next. First in order, says the register, in the Chapter-house, next the pulpitum, is buried Abbot Oving. Second in order, at the feet of Abbot Oving, is buried

Abbot Samson, whom Dr. Rhodes-James, rightly let us hope, conjectures to be the very Samson of Carlyle's "Past and Present." The others are Henry, Richard de Insula, and Edmund de Walpole. Oving died in 1157. Excavations are still in progress under the Rev. Sydenham Hervey, and among further finds may be—who knows?—the body (preserved in spirit) of Willemus Sacrista.

"ELECTROCUTION" OF AN ELEPHANT.

The execution of an elephant, judging by that of "Topsy," of Luna Park, Coney Island, would seem to be an elaborate and a somewhat difficult matter. During the past three years "Topsy" killed three men, and this fact, coupled with her attack on a number of Italian workmen in Luna Park, and other acts of roguery, made it advisable to kill her. Strangling was to be the means of death, and a scaffold was erected over the small lake in the Park grounds, but the elephant, laden with chains, resolutely refused to cross the bridge which led to it. After two hours' coaxing the idea of strangling was abandoned, and electrocution was decided upon. Preparations were accordingly made in the open yard; planks were laid down, and wires were stretched from these to one of the buildings and attached to two large electrodes. Upon these "Topsy" was at length persuaded to stand, a fore-foot on one and a hind-foot upon the other. Dr. Brotheridge, the veterinary in charge, then administered 260 grains of cyanide of potassium, contained in three carrots, and a moment later the electrician switched on a current of 6600 volts. "Topsy" raised her trunk as though in protest, shook, fell to her knees, and rolled over on her right side, motionless. By this time, ten seconds had passed, and in two minutes it was certain that she was dead, though as an additional precaution a rope was placed around her neck, and drawn tight by means of a windlass. "Topsy" was thirty-five years old, weighed five and a half tons, was 10 ft. high, and measured 19 ft. 11 in. in length. She was taken to America twenty-eight years ago, and was for some time exhibited as the "Original Baby Elephant."

THE LATE LORD PIRBRIGHT.

Henry de Worms, first Baron Pirbright, who died at his London residence on Jan. 9, was born in 1840, the third son of Solomon Benedict de Worms, hereditary Baron of the Austrian Empire, and Henrietta, daughter of Samuel Moses Samuel. Educated at King's College, London, of which he became a Fellow in 1863, he first intended to enter the medical profession, but in 1860 became a student at the Inner Temple, three years later was duly called to the Bar, and joined the Home Circuit. In 1874 Queen Victoria gave his father and his family permission to use their Austrian titles in England, and he was henceforth known as Baron Henry de Worms. After contesting several constituencies, the Baron was returned as Conservative member for Greenwich in 1880, holding the seat until 1885. In the latter year he fought and won the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool. From 1873 till 1886 he was President of the Anglo-Jewish Association; from 1885 till 1886 and from 1886 till 1888

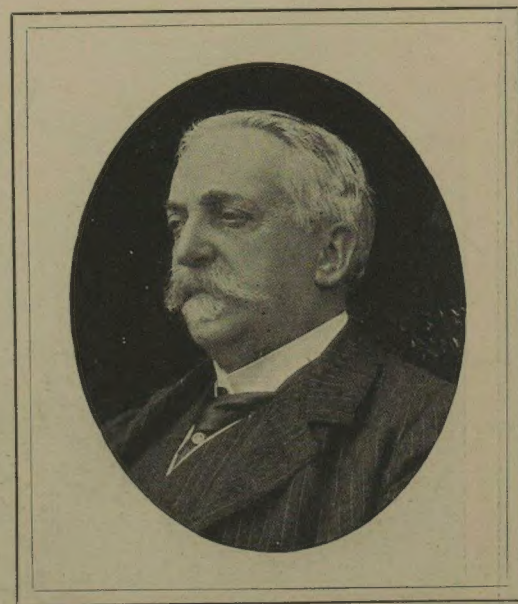


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE LORD PIRBRIGHT,
POLITICIAN.

Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade; from 1888 till 1892 Under-Secretary for the Colonies; and in 1888 British Plenipotentiary and President of the International Conference on Sugar Bounties. Lord Pirbright was raised to the peerage in 1895. His publications include "England's Policy in the East," "The Earth and Its Mechanism," and "The Austro-Hungarian Empire." The late peer was twice married; first, to Fanny, eldest daughter of Baron von Todesco, of Vienna; and secondly, to Sarah, daughter of Sir Benjamin Samuel Phillips.

THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: THE SULTAN'S ARMY IN THE FIELD.

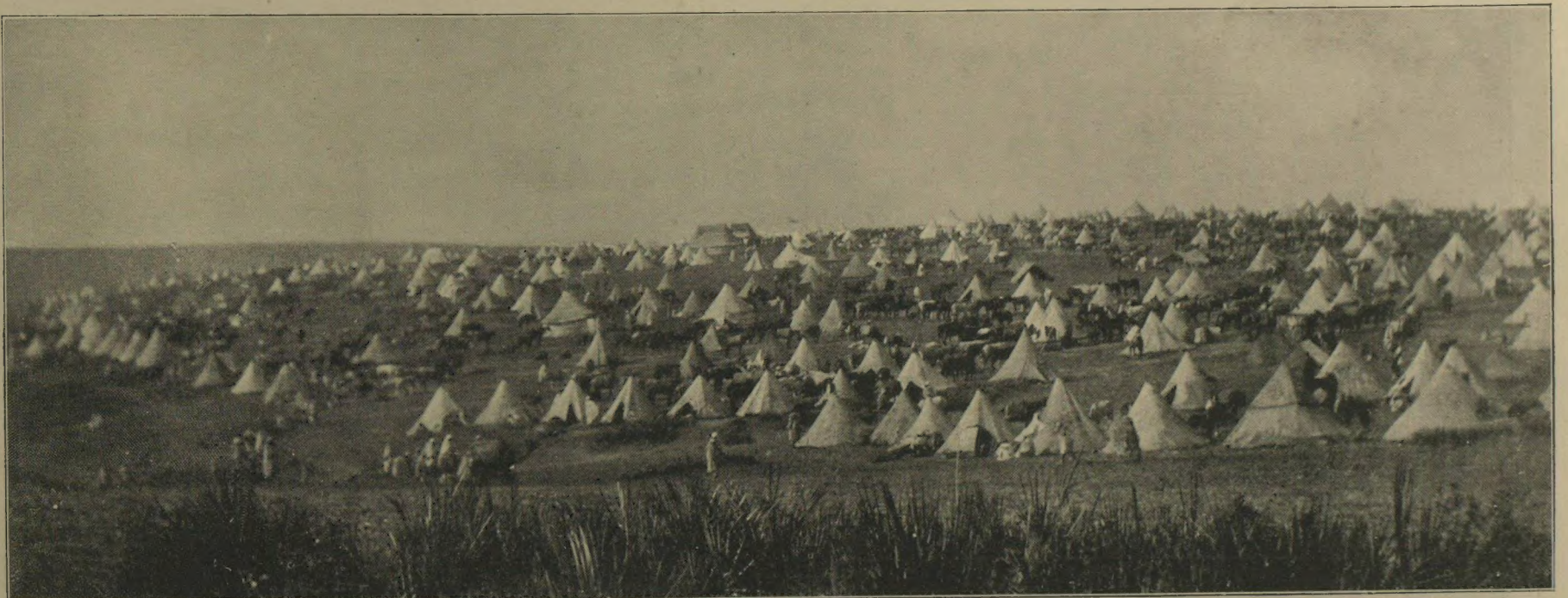
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MR. WALTER B. HARRIS, THE DISTINGUISHED ORIENTAL TRAVELLER, WHILE ACCOMPANYING HIS MAJESTY IN THE FIELD.



A DETACHMENT OF THE MOORISH CAVALRY.



A STRAGGLING ARRAY: THE MOORISH ARMY ON THE MARCH.



THE SULTAN'S MOVING CITY: THE TENTS OF THE MOORISH ARMY.

The photographs here published show his Majesty and his army operating to the west of Fes. From these pictures can be judged the state of the Sultan's force and the straggling manner in which they perform their marches.

THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: THE SULTAN IN PERSONAL COMMAND OF HIS ARMY.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MR. WALTER B. HARRIS, THE DISTINGUISHED ORIENTAL TRAVELLER, WHILE ACCOMPANYING HIS MAJESTY IN THE FIELD.



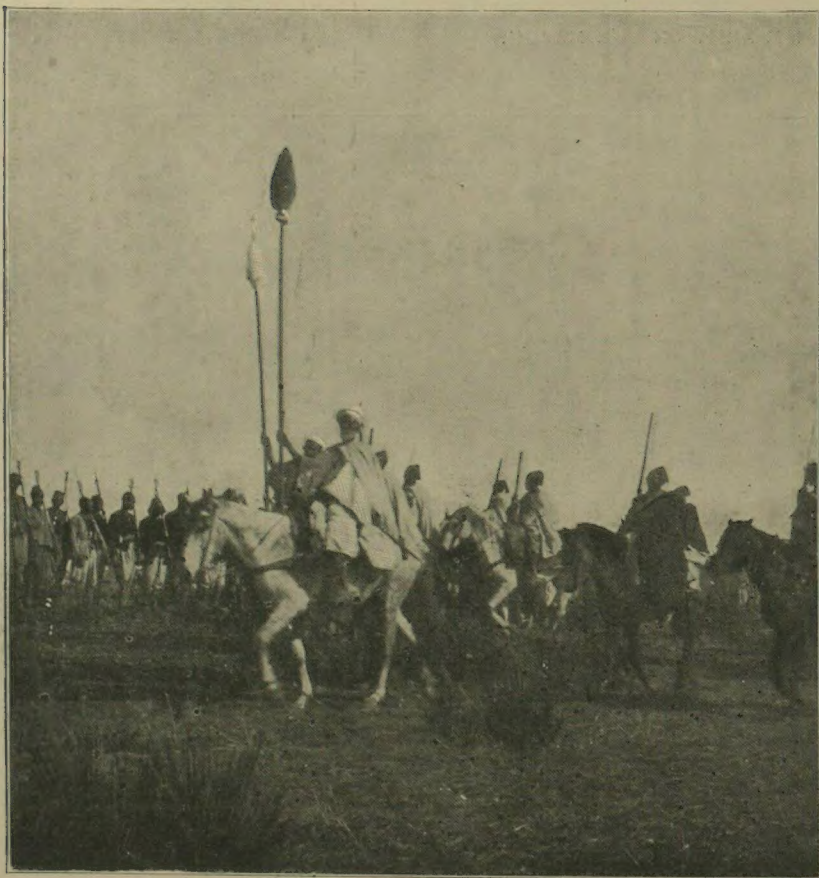
THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN THE FIELD.



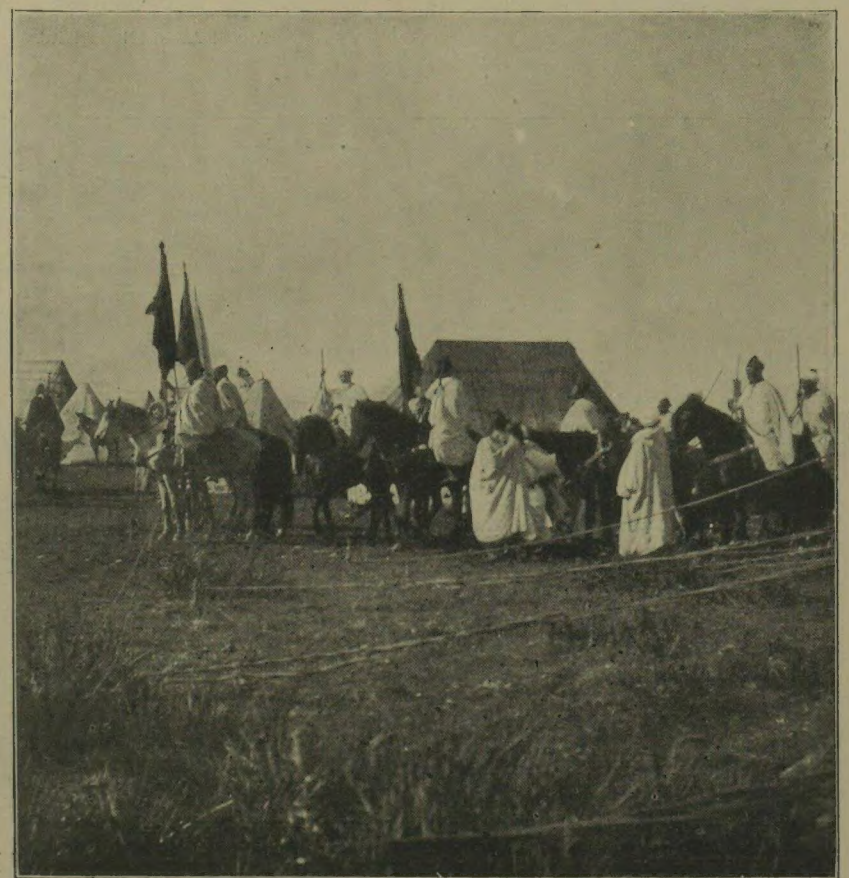
THE SULTAN'S MINISTER OF WAR, KAID EL MEHEDI EL MENEBHI.



THE SULTAN INSPECTING THE CAMP.



THE SULTAN'S HOLY BANNERS: THE SACRED EMBLEMS BORNE BEFORE HIS MAJESTY.



THE SULTAN'S STANDARD-BEARERS.



THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: MAJOR BURCKHARDT EXPLAINING THE WORKING OF A GUN TO THE SULTAN AND HIS MINISTER OF WAR.

The Sultan Abdul Aziz, whose favour for the methods of Western civilisation accounts in great measure for his present trouble, makes himself personally acquainted with the details of all arms of his service. Not long ago he was present at some artillery manœuvres, where he listened with the greatest attention to the explanations given him by Major Burckhardt, who was until very recently chief of the French military mission in Morocco. The Moorish Minister of War, the Kaid El Mehedi el Menebhi, was, it will be remembered, King Edward's guest in London during the summer of 1901.



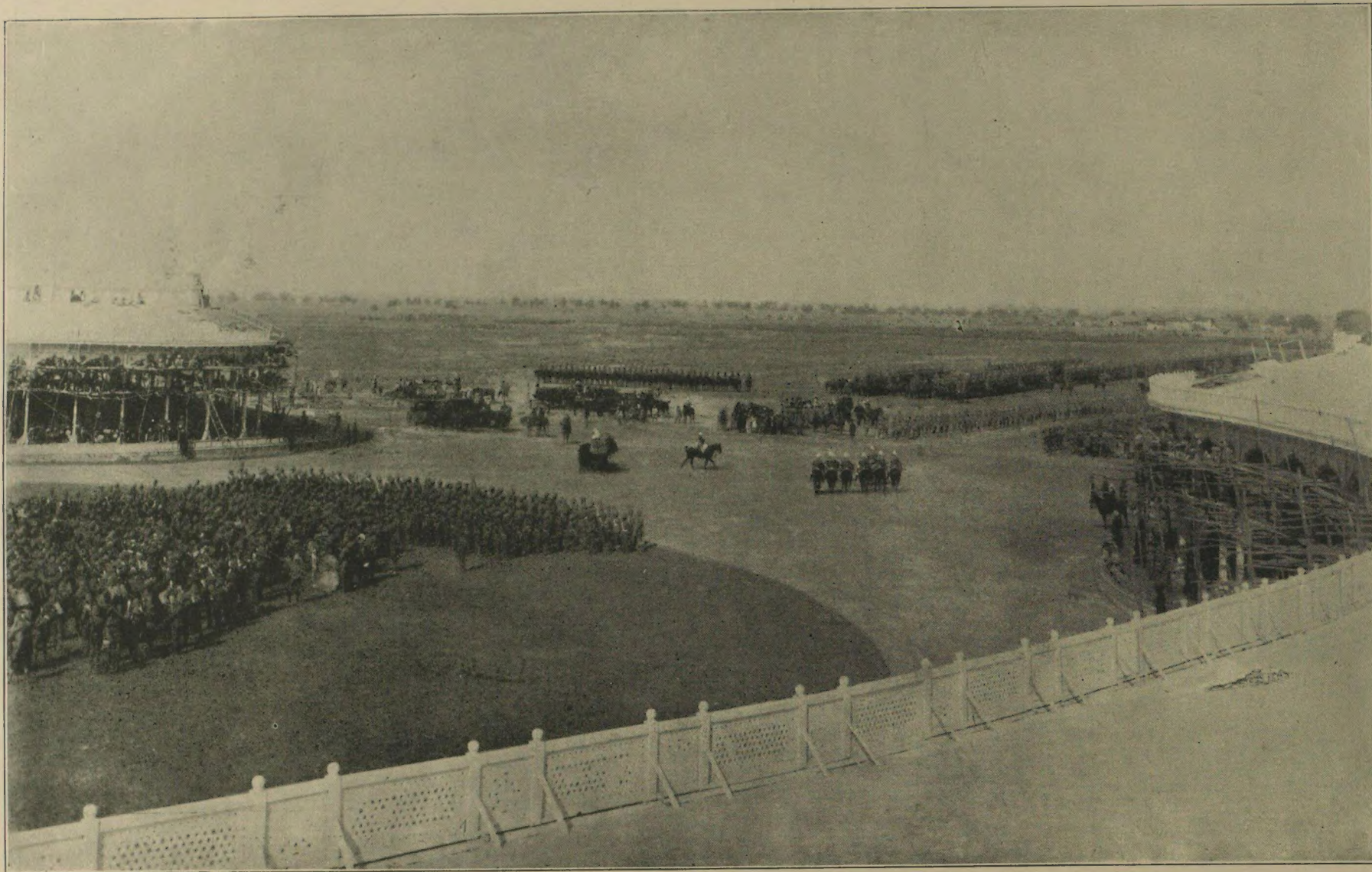
THE RICHEST STREET IN INDIA: THE CHANDNI CHOWK, DELHI, DOWN WHICH THE VICEROY'S STATE PROCESSION PASSED.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "How far the Chandni Chowk justifies its reputation of the richest street in India, I cannot say. There is no doubt, however, that there you can enter an indifferent-looking, dusty shop and ask to see a necklace, whereupon the owner or assistant will produce one worth £15,000; and if that does not please, he will show you a dozen above or below that in price. From morn to night the street is thronged by a motley crowd, and the persistent beggar is a terror. The foolhardy person who gives even the smallest coin is immediately beset by an appealing crowd of unkempt, miserable, dirty starvelings."

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE REHEARSAL OF THE CHIEF CEREMONY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIELE AND KLEIN.



Massed Bands.

Chief Herald.

THE DURBAR REHEARSAL: THE VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE AMPHITHEATRE LOOKING TOWARDS THE ASSEMBLED TROOPS AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE HORSESHOE ENCLOSURE.

The amphitheatre occupied the same site as that in which Lord Lytton proclaimed Queen Victoria Empress of India. It was in the shape of a horseshoe, and consisted of an embankment supporting tiers of seats accommodating 15,000 spectators. At the inner curve of the horseshoe, the Viceregal dais was placed facing the State entrance. All the galleries were canopied, and the structure was painted white and gold.



THE SCENE BEFORE THE THRONE: THE HERALD, MAJOR MAXWELL, REHEARSING THE READING OF THE PROCLAMATION.

Major Maxwell, of the 6th Prince of Wales's Bengal Cavalry, mounted on a superb jet-black charger, was deputed to perform the great ceremony of the day. Careful rehearsal was necessary, for the ceremonial was elaborate. The herald was followed by two mounted drummers and twelve trumpeters, six British and six natives. After the preliminary flourishes, the trumpeters divided into two parties and advanced with the herald up the arena towards the Viceregal dais. There they formed up together, and, after another flourish, the herald saluted and received the Viceroy's command to proceed with his duty. Wheeling his charger, he faced the entrance to the arena and proclaimed the King Emperor.

THE SON OF HIS MOTHER.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.



Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

THE road from Selingarh to the northern boundary of the district slipped, a dusty streak, past the bungalows of the civil station, shook restraint from it at the racecourse, and became forthwith a dim trail that leapt boldly to the arms of the jungle. It wheeled before the tea-gardens and cut the groves that girdled them; it hugged the walls of the deposed Begum's stronghold, and it brushed past the huddled dwellings of her needy court in its flight towards the purple. The outlaws lived where it died: they had fled by it more than once from the terror of British bayonets; they sallied down it on occasion still, and were swept up again, neatly, by a succession of order-loving Deputy Commissioners.

Selingarh had been the eye of an independent State. It did not emphasise the fact; but the rebels in the hills remembered it, and the Begum, whose subjects they had been, and to whom they still bore a half-superstitious allegiance, could scarcely forget it. She lived on among the conquerors, a princess without a principality, and her watch-tower looked out at the hills and back at the submissive house-tops. The skirts of the forest touched it from the north, and they brought with them the smell of deodars and rhododendrons. An old, conquered woman might not love the Ishmaels whom they hid, men who scoffed at the tattered court, and who plundered their meek kinsmen with a swift and wicked ease; she undoubtedly hated the faint-hearts of the city. And meanwhile in, but not of, Selingarh sat the English, the conquerors, the men who policed the unruly borders, rolling back rebellion patiently while they counted their years of banishment.

Mathieson, the old tea-planter, who had seen Selingarh change masters, and could remember days when a British camp had existed by sufferance of the court, as the court existed now by will of the camp, jogged home from the polo-ground with satisfaction in the thought that he was still a bachelor. The women onlookers who fluttered about the game annoyed him; they drew the attention of the players between the rounds; they led youths to the

debauch of tea and cakes; there was no unceasing interchange of good, strong drink—"Mathieson, with you"; "Sir, with you"—as in old times that he remembered. Whisky-and-soda was a mild abomination to an elderly toper. He was grumbling still as he turned in at his own gate, with a vague triumph that here, at least, he could quench thirst with something fit for a man to drink. He drove past the stunted tea-bushes, stopped at the portico, and began to lower himself, not too steadily, out of his dog-cart.

The cessation of the hoof-noises and the grating of the wheels left the air blank for a minute, the cooing of the pigeons in the thatch the only sound that droned through the dusk. The planter blundered towards the house with his hand on his bearer's shoulder, and breathed heavily. He crossed the verandah, and stopped. There was the thud of a galloping horse on the northern road where it passed his gardens. He listened with curiosity, but without thought of a possible visitor. And then, unexpectedly, the horseman swerved

from the track, and a young man, with his pony in a lather, raced up the drive and jerked himself out of the saddle.

Mathieson peered downwards and saw a sallow face, oval, black-eyed, and impetuous, staring at him through the shadows. There was something desperate and tragic in the fierce upward glance that met his; impatience had written itself upon the swaying figure and the thin, closed fingers of the visitor. His face was burning with a fever of anxiety; and Mathieson shrank back momentarily before he recognised the man through the disfigurement of his emotions.

"Ha!" he said. "By gad, it's Crighton! Bless my soul, Mr. Crighton, what's wrong?"

"Nothing," said the young man hoarsely. "I want to ask you a question, that is all. Give me five minutes, will you?"

"Nothing? Ha! Thought there was a rising in the hills at least. Nothing, eh? Well, glad to see you, o' course. Come in and have a glass. Nothing? Pooh!"

He shuffled to a sitting-room, and strewed the way as he went with muttered, grumbling interjections. Once inside, he called for lamps, steered himself unhesitatingly to the sideboard, and gulped down a tot of brandy.

"Nothing, hey!" he growled, for the fourth time.

The other man bent upon the sodden face a gaze so acute and penetrating that Mathieson, had he been sober, must have been more than startled. But he was not himself, and the drink had blurred his understanding. Mathieson in his right mind was an uncommunicative solitary; in his cups he opened his lips, and, to the few who cared to



"What became of my—my parents?"

dig therein, the storehouse of his memory. He was exactly truthful about far-off things when he was not sober; but there was scarcely a soul who had ever cared to cultivate him in that condition, any more than at other times, for the sake of the curious, bloody fragments of Indian history that were crystallised in him. He sat down to the table, and pushed the brandy to Crighton.

"Have a glass," he said.

"No, thanks."

"Have a glass!"

Crighton poured out a measure of brandy, set his lips to it, and put it down untasted. A lamp had been lit, and he craned sideways in his chair, to watch his host across the circle of yellow light.

"Did you tell Brumley who my mother was?" he said abruptly, and he winced as he asked the question.

"Yes, I did," Mathieson said, with muddled incomprehension. "Brumley's a gentleman; th' only fellow in the station that will drink with a man."

"And who was she?"

The grey head was cocked at him round the lamp.

"Don't you know?"

"I never saw my parents after I was a baby," Crighton answered. "A guardian brought me up in England."

"And didn't he say?"

"No."

"Oh, well, then"—Mathieson spread himself in his chair, and took more brandy—"well, then, I'll tell you. I knew George Crighton when he was an ensign—dashed good fellow, but wild as the devil. An' he eloped with little Soma; that was your mother, an' only child of the old Begum still alive yonder." He nodded to the north. "Chota Moti—that's what Crighton called the girl. Very pale for a native woman—all the family are. Pretty thing, beautiful little tiger-cat. George stole her."

"Stole her?"

"Oh, sent messages by a go-between into the palace zenana, and ran away with her just before she should have been married to one of her own *jāts*. Fine romantic blood, Crighton was. . . . They went honeymooning in the forest, where those blackguard rebels lie so close. If Begum Hari had caught the pair, she would have buried 'em alive in those days. That's what makes her so bitter against English people."

Crighton covered a hard mouth with his fingers, and his eyes burned.

"You told that to Brumley?" he repeated.

"Eh? Yes. Brumley's good f'llow. He asked me if it was true that you had a touch of the tar-brush. . . . Have a second glass."

"What happened to them afterwards?"

"Oh!"—Mathieson swallowed another dram—"they ran away to English territory. Y' see, the garrison then was nominally the Resident's guard, no more; the Begum was autocrat—real good Oriental despot, like all her race. Savage brutes they've been from the beginnings of history. Savage haters, cruel fighters, revengeful, treacherous beasts—all that. But handsome; Lord! handsome as the mischief. Now they're gone—all gone—except doddering old Begum Hari. She thought she was going to build up her kingdom with British help, by flattering our people, posing as an enlightened native, generous ally—and so on. But first the hill faction wouldn't play up to her, and then Crighton spoilt the scheme. She went mad with rage, mad because our people wouldn't hand George and the girl over, mad at the pollution of the blood—high, very high caste—and she jumped at her chance in '57. So o' course when that was all over she was deposed. . . . I was a volunteer, and Government gave me this rotten plantation in '58."

"Ah-h! Then it's true—true—true. . . . Curse him!"

Crighton sprang out of his chair, threw his head back, and sobbed out the malediction. He paced across the room, came back slowly, and looked down at the blabber.

"Who else did you tell? Who else knows?"

"Who cares to treat an old fellow now? Brumley's good fellow; the rest—pah! chattering fools. Heard 'em talk lots o' times about you an' the tar-brush; don't know who started the story—p'r'aps I did—but I wouldn't tell 'em what I knew—just sat mum and let 'em puzzle over it. But Brumley's a gentleman. You aren't drinking."

"Oh, let me be! What became of my—my parents?"

"Well, it was a queer story, but part and parcel of the breed, if you come to consider it. George got tired o' the girl—I said she was a savage little spitfire, didn't I?—and when she discovered it she— She had a fox's cunning. . . . But men like George Crighton don't die that way. There it is—he died: they found her in the river afterwards. In the rains—muggy, horrid weather. Eh? Oh, not here; 'way in the C. P. somewhere. Now I come to think of it, you have a look of Georgey."

He blinked round the lamp again and saw Crighton shudder.

"He was a rogue with the women, Crighton was. They say you're quiet young chap—decent young chap. That ain't like Georgey. I say, though, what 'bout Muriel Haviot?"

He leered.

"Crighton never let a girl dangle him on a leading-string along with a lot of other f'llows. Crighton would have seen her hanged first. I knew him well, y' know, knew him when he was an ensign. Chota Moti would have licked his boots. But, o' course, he got tired, and then— Don't you believe Georgey Crighton took an overdose; they don't do it, believe me. The little she-cat poisoned him; and if she hadn't drowned herself she would have paid for it too. . . . But beautiful—oh beautiful as an angel. Now, this Haviot girl that you an' Brumley—"

Crighton caught up his hat.

"Hey, I say, you aren't going?" Mathieson said, astonished. "Stay an' have another drink—'nother drink—"

He spoke to an empty room. The reed curtain clattered as Crighton broke through it and dropped it behind him. His steps echoed back into the room, where the old man, rising in tipsy bewilderment from his chair, stared at the doorway. He heard a shout outside, a scuffle of hoofs, an impatient order; and then the noise of galloping swelled once more and beat itself out, growing fainter and fainter, into the heavy, scent-laden darkness.

Mathieson's face purpled when he realised that he had been sucked dry and cast aside.

"Dirty half-caste!" he said.

Then he sprawled over the table and drained the visitor's untasted glass.

II.

Crighton knew nothing of the first ten minutes of his ride. He was only conscious that the night air that sang past his ears was unable to cool the rage of humiliation that was in him; that the shadows that hung upon the crowding trees were insufficient to veil the skeleton of his discovery. He had been shamed and outraged—he, George Crighton, a man to whose spirit a slight was a thing intolerable, a man who would have walked through fire rather than face the pain that lashed him now. He had been a lonely, self-contained, bookish lad until he had come to India; in six months he had grown to manhood, but the sensitiveness of the child's perceptions was still with him. He had felt, and fought against, a conviction of his isolation. The knowledge that he was a thing apart in the little white community to which he had been sent had closed in relentlessly upon him. He had put it down to the fault of his reserve; to his anxiety to escape rebuffs or patronage. But now—*now* he understood.

The reins flapped upon the pony's neck, and it cantered on, boring into the darkness, and snuffing at the odours of the jungle. His camp, in which, as Assistant-Commissioner, he had spent the winter, was now halting for the last time before its owner returned to hot-weather life in the station. The tents were empty: Crighton had taken possession of a forest-bungalow, an impudent pigmy that trod upon the toes of the giant trees, and shouldered them back from its tiny clearing. He had enjoyed the loneliness of the forest at first; had lain awake at night to hear the stir of his invisible marauding neighbours of the beast-world, the crowing of the jungle-cocks, the bark of foxes, the rising clorus of the jackal pack. Lately, once his work was done, he had deserted them, and had ridden hard and fast to Selingarh, where was far other company. Now he fled back again, blind and bitter, full of the stinging desire to get away—away—away from the people who had cast him out.

And yet, after all, he deceived himself. It was not the contempt of the many from which he fled, for he had felt it, without knowledge of its cause, months before. He would have borne crueller things even than race-prejudice for the sake of one girl. But she had done with him, and had told him so crudely, with the flat stupidity of a vain woman. She had flirted with him; and when she had had enough of him she had turned her back. And Crighton had credited her with all the attributes of the angels! He did not blame her even now; instead he cried savagely in his heart for revenge upon Brumley.

Muriel Haviot, who had the brains of a chicken behind a beautiful face, had sufficient of the sex instinct to know that it was stimulating to wooers and wooed to pit one man against another. She had encouraged Crighton because he glowered delightfully, and because he was the most humble and complaisant slave that coquette could desire; but her heart—what there was of it—went out to Brumley. He was the Deputy-Commissioner, and it seemed a daring conception to set him face to face with his subordinate in their love affair. Brumley was heavy and brutish; therefore she loved him, because she also feared. But there are times in which to play with fear becomes a refinement of pleasure, and she had trifled with hers by rousing a dull man, slowly and with difficulty, into

jealousy. It had not been enough to see him lumber after her, to the manifest neglect of duty. The process had been laborious, and incidentally it had raised Crighton to heaven. He had been so blindly credulous that, when the time came, she found mere action was unable to topple him to earth. So she had spoken, giving chapter and verse, with a thrill of virtue at making the disillusion complete. She had not troubled to clothe with obscurities the revelations that Brumley had poured into her ears in his jealous ecstasies. And thus it was that George Crighton had learned that he was unclean, the half-caste offspring of a scamp and a suspected murderess. Perhaps, if Miss Haviot had had intelligence, she might, even though she were pitiless, have known what the revelation could do to a lad of Crighton's nature. But she was without comprehension, and she spared nothing. He had fled to the jungle with a thousand devils at his heels.

The pony shied, and Crighton came out of torment for a moment, to find that the white wall of the Begum's palace stared at him. He had noted it on his later rides to Selingarh as a landmark—two miles from camp, two miles nearer the goddess. It loomed before him now unexpectedly, and warned him of the pace at which he had spurred northwards. It seemed only a few minutes since he had left Mathieson, whose plantation was five miles closer to the town. He drew rein; and his pony tripped past the great tumble-down gateway, where a sentry in tattered scarlet lolled, the symbol of his mistress's fallen fortunes, upon the rusty barrel of a Snider.

Crighton remembered that he had been amused by the Falstaffian crew which thronged the courtyard of the Palace. He found himself peering at the sentinel with new sympathies. This out-at-elbows ruffian was a despised thing too—impotent, crushed, hated and hating, one of the cumberers of the earth, among whom he might fitly enrol himself. And it was then that he first realised that behind the decaying walls and the pantomime bodyguard was somewhere hidden the fierce old Begum, his nearest kin—his grandmother.

He stopped. He had a momentary impulse to challenge the sentry and ask if the Begum would give him audience; to throw himself, in his hour of despair, upon the old woman, and claim her. It was a passing whim, and he put it aside almost as quickly as it had come. As he moved forward again, an incident caught his eye and held it. The man at the gate raised a lantern, waved it, and set it down. High above in the watch-tower an answering light flashed out and died. A signal had passed from the threshold to the heart of the palace, and thence into the far night, more quickly than the fleetest foot could have carried it. But it did not occur to Crighton that it could have any concern with him.

He urged the pony on, and the building soon dropped to rearward, and was swallowed up. The jungle grew deep and deeper; branches touched above the trail; a nullah thrust its stony bed across the way; clumps of pampas-grass straggled upwards where the trees were thin. A mountain-stream meandered through the forest, and the pony splashed into it, fetlock-deep. The stars pierced through the lacework of leaves, and presently a point of firelight stabbed the night. Crighton pressed forward, and found himself at his destination, with the camp-kitchen in the compound hard at work upon his dinner.

He took a lamp and went into his bed-room. There, lifting the mirror to his face, he read himself in it, and searched features and form and colouring, eyes and finger-tips, for the print of his tainted blood.

It showed—ah, how plainly it showed! It was the blindness of ignorance that had hidden it from him before. It was amazingly easy to see in the lank black hair, the sloe-like eyes, the beautiful, melancholy oval of the face. And besides these, it was written upon his nails, in the half moon that shows long after West has conquered East elsewhere. He stared; and the shadow in the glass grew out of all likeness to the Crighton he had known, and became the face of an Asiatic, ripe with the possibilities of his mother's race—the treacherous, the bloodguilty, the unforgiving.

Crighton put the thing away from him. The testimony was startling; and he wanted time to think it over. The stirring instincts in his heart had suddenly taken form, and looked at him, and they were evil. . . . Heavens, how he hated Brumley!

He could no longer pretend to have part with Englishmen; of that the dark blood that raced in his veins convinced him. The thought of returning to that supercilious community at whose unfriendliness he had chafed, even while he had not known, was not to be borne for an instant. He loathed them all—except one. But chiefly he hated Brumley.

He swung up the room and down again, brows drawn and hands clenched, while the fires within consumed him. He had nothing good in him; there could be nothing to cherish in the son of Crighton and Crighton's murderess. Instead, there could only be madness, warring rages and desires, and the tide of Eastern blood, sweeping him, with an undreamed-of force, into the fulfilment of his people's tradition, into an unquenchable hatred of the men whose skins were

white. Then a moment of weakness came, and with it a last look through the closing gates of paradise. Yesterday—only yesterday, which was already a world away—Muriel Haviot had been kind to him.

That thought brought fresh torment, and he cast it out, because it was no longer fitting that he, the pariah, should think of her. Which shows how far Miss Haviot's arrows could range, and with what precision she had planted them. It is to be remembered on Crichton's behalf that he was very young and very raw, and that the susceptibility of mixed blood is in proportion to the pride of the races from which it has been drawn. But it is none the less sure that in shutting all the remembrance of Muriel Haviot away from him, Crichton closed his soul to salvation and let the devils in.

He blew out the lamp stealthily and picked up a revolver and a knife from the dressing-table. They dropped into his pocket and clinked against something as it nestled there. Crichton almost laughed at the recollection that he still held the Treasury keys, and that stupid, unthinking people would go on reckoning him as the Assistant-Commissioner, cog on the Imperial wheel. . . . The keys! Brumley was the head of the district. Now, how could his possession of the keys be made to injure Brumley?

He raised the reed curtain and looked to left and right. The servants were busy with the dinner. He stole down the verandah to where the trees bent nearest, and darted into the forest.

III.

The jungle was stirring with the coming of the night. Strange things rustled and fluttered, strange beasts crashed, and some lurking unknown coughed a deep chest-note. It was not the safest place in India for a man; but Crichton had hell within him, and he feared nothing in the world outside. Savage instincts were struggling: he was sloughing off the European as a snake casts his skin, and the descendant of a hundred autocrats, who had been privileged to indulge the princely lusts without heed or hindrance, was painfully coming to the birth. The mother who had killed rather than suffer super-session had raised a hand from the dust to guide the son. He felt the knife in his pocket, felt with it the keys, and though he had as yet no idea of how he should use them, fondled them as the instruments of revenge.

There were other things besides the jungle creatures and himself afoot among the trees. He became suddenly aware of the patter of running feet, and strained his eyes till they saw a lean brown shadow, that could be nothing but a man, slide through the darkness. He shrank back behind a tangle of undergrowth instinctively; not because he had power at that time to fear danger, but because the quick shuffle was being repeated behind, before, beside him, until it seemed as if the night were alive with runners, racing southwards with hard-held breaths. They were sure-footed beyond the ordinary, for they trod the jungle as other men tread the street; they were strong men, for they covered the rough ground like hares; and they were armed, because, as one passed, he shifted something from one shoulder to another, and a ray of starlight lit upon it, and showed it to be a gun.

The visitation should have suggested trouble to an Assistant-Commissioner. Crichton's racked, unsteady brain had no longer capacity for sober considerations; the devils had harnessed it to their chariot, and were driving and lashing it to destruction. He found nothing abnormal or menacing or strange in the presence of the host that scudded through the forest; or rather, other events being part of a nightmare, these took place therein quite naturally. It seemed in no way unusual that he should be there, bare-headed, dinnerless, tangled in the mysteries of an Indian jungle. He had been stunned by the blow that Fate had given him, and had awakened in another world—that was all. He was dead

steps aside. A bat thumped in his face; a bird in the branches whimpered like a lost soul; owls hooted. Still the feet raced under the branches, and the crackle of twigs and the hiss of men breathing guided Crichton through a velvet blackness. He came out upon a clearing at last, face buffeted and clothing torn, and saw the last man of the army louping down the glade before him.

And now the forest began to open, and the company twisted about zigzag trails, and came, with every turn, to clearer signs of human exploration. The lines that the forest officers had cleft through the trees melted into paths, and these again to a sandy road, wherein Crichton's confused senses thought they recognised the Selimgarh highway. He knew it beyond a doubt presently, when he flung himself across the stream over which his pony had picked its way not long before. After that, it did not seem more than a moment before a red flame cut the darkness, and the Begum's gate yawned before him, lit by a flaming torch from a socket in the wall.

The ragged sentry was not visible. The gates were flung wide, and the torch crackled and spluttered above the arch. Nobody was to be seen at the first glance through the entrance; but a monotonous, dinning sound came from within, and Crichton knew it to be the hum of men's voices.

Here, then, the host had been swallowed. Would the palace spew it out again?

He hung about the threshold and bit his nails. He wanted revenge on Brumley; not to waste time palavering in an old woman's compound. *They* were there—he looked at the dust to make sure, and saw that it was printed with the marks of naked feet—and he chafed at the delay. The idea that he had somehow been enrolled in a company that was intent upon his own purpose was grafted on his mind. He was parched with the longing to get at Brumley's throat and rip the life out of him; and with the desire to run amok among the white people and show them how utterly he had repudiated the drop of English blood that linked him to them. It seemed the most natural thing, and immeasurably the most likely one to happen, that an army of unknown beings should rise suddenly out of the earth inspired

with like intentions. Only, why did they let themselves be turned aside by an open gateway?

He looked in, and saw the body of the palace blocking his view. The windows of the watch-tower, high above, were dead. Still the drone of the voices; then a thin one quenching them, and rising into reedy exhortation. Crichton looked back; the trees across the road were a wall of black, unrelieved shadow. The torch dropped a rain of sparks upon him, and one fell upon his bare hand and scorched it. The nip of the burn decided him; he wrung his hand at the pain, and was spurred through the outer compound to the angle of the central buildings. Other torches dazzled his eyes as he turned the corner of the screen, and the piping note shaped itself into a woman's voice, and became articulate.

(To be concluded next week.)



The man at the gate raised a lantern.

to the white people and their ways of thought; henceforth he was the puppet of the gods. And so it was that he found himself stumbling, heedless and eager, in the rearguard of the shadow-men. For they were indefatigable and intent, and what other power could there be to pelt men across the forest, silent and swift as hailstones, but his own desire—revenge? He pressed behind them, straining every sinew to keep the last of the band within ken. They seemed to be numbered by hundreds.

They drove through the trees, faces turned to the south, and after them panted Crichton, with his madness growing strong upon him. The jungle stretched trails of creepers in his way; it set traps of grass, and solid barriers of tree-trunks to thwart him; it stood masses of shadows and blocks of goblin darkness to turn his

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: REHEARSALS AND PREPARATIONS AT DELHI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIELE AND KLEIN.



PANORAMA OF THE VICEROY'S CAMP FROM THE VICEREGAL RESIDENCE.

THE REHEARSAL OF THE VICEROY'S STATE ENTRY: THE ARTILLERY PASSING THE JAMA MASJID.

THE REHEARSAL OF THE VICEROY'S STATE ENTRY: THE ELEPHANT PROCESSION PASSING THE JAMA MASJID.

THE REHEARSAL OF THE VICEROY'S STATE ENTRY: AN EXTENDED VIEW OF THE ELEPHANT PROCESSION.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: REHEARSALS AND PREPARATIONS AT DELHI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIELE AND KLEIN



THE IMPERIAL CADET CORPS (SONS OF NATIVE POTENTATES) REHEARSING THEIR PART IN THE PROCESSION.

THE REHEARSAL OF THE VICEROY'S STATE ENTRY: ELEPHANTS AND ATTENDANT SPEARMEN NEAR DUFFERIN BRIDGE.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S ELEPHANT (LEFT) AND THE VICEROY'S (RIGHT), WITH THEIR ATTENDANT MACE-BEARERS. (NOTE THE TUDOR CROWNS AND ELEPHANTS' HEADS ON THE MACES.)

THE VICEROY'S CAMP, FROM THE VICEROYAL RESIDENCE.

A NEAR VIEW OF THE STATE PROCESSION AT REHEARSAL.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Francesca da Rimini. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Arthur Symonds. (London: Heinemann. 5s.)

The Last Buccaneer. By L. Cope Cornford. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)

Mother Earth: A Sentimental Comedy. By Frances Harrod. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)

The Noisy Years. By Mabel Dearmer. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Bayard's Courier. By B. K. Benson. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)

Three Years' War. By Christian De Wet. London: Constable. 10s. 6d.)

Edward FitzGerald: An Aftermath. By Francis Hindes Groome. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher.

J. M. W. Turner. By Robert Chignell. (London: Walter Scott. 1s. 6d. net.)

Readers who are willing or obliged to forgo the language of the original may now read "Francesca da Rimini" in English. But the author—who calls himself, with singular taste, Gabriele d'Annunzio, which is more or less Italian for Gabriel of the Annunciation, his own name being less distinguished—is fast losing his popularity in Italy, as mere popularity is apt to be lost everywhere. Italian students of the national literature have looked on with some wonder at the ten years' notoriety of a highly decorated, "manner," which never bore, or could bear, the dignities and responsibilities of a "style." Gabriele d'Annunzio has the commonplace thought and the swollen phrase that pass for splendour among unscholarly readers. In the course of his organised searchings for beauty, he does now and then light upon something that may be called gorgeous and, in a fairly good sense, fantastical. Any new translation of his novels would be decidedly belated. Not so a translation of his drama, for among his talents a sense of the scene has a foremost place. He has the eye of a costume-painter for horned head-dresses, for roses growing in an emblematic way out of a sarcophagus, for a "combat," for the trooping of women with their pointed distaffs; and of their scented dresses he is observant. All these outward perceptions he puts into his stage directions, and in these descriptive asides the charms of the heroine also have a place. If he is anything legitimately (which he would not like to admit), he is legitimately dramatic; and his tragedy is a work of the romantic school, not without a kind of self-conscious second-rate beauty. Mr. Arthur Symonds translates ably. We might wish that, however various the length of his lines (after the manner of the original), he had kept the iambic measure throughout.

The vitality of buccaneers is astonishing, and Mr. Cornford is a bold-man if he means by the title of his new story to guarantee that this is the Buccaneer's last appearance in fiction. His example will rather induce others to furbish up the familiar old figures and set them dancing the rogues' march to new settings, for he has contrived to get an amazing amount of vigour into his presentment of exceedingly well-worn material. We all know the unpractical enthusiastic boy who gets into deep waters or hot water and emerges a resolute man, and we know the tom-boy termagant of a heroine who betrays in the end a woman's heart. We also know the convenient quicksand which engulfs the villain on the brink of his triumph. Most of us have read "Treasure Island." And yet the fact remains that a writer who can tell in good clean English a brisk story full of exciting incidents, and apply humour to the telling of it, deserves, and we believe commands, an audience. Mr. Cornford's story happened in the reign of Queen Anne, though the character who relates it had evidently prophetic glimpses of Queen's English as it would be spoken under Victoria, and, since readers look for the topical, much of it was enacted in or about what is now Venezuela. There are very pretty ruffians in it, but we like best the old buccaneer when he took to rural respectability. "I never knowed," says he; "that religion were that easy. Why, a child could learn it! You ain't got to do nothing, on'y avoid several things what a man of my age and experience don't want to do anything but avoid, and believe what the chaplain tells you to, believe!"

The author of "The Potentate" and "The Devil's Pronoun" possesses the art of choosing striking and picturesque titles. Still, "Mother Earth" suggests anything rather than a sentimental comedy, though it is so far justified that Mrs. Harrod manages to convey very cleverly the intense hold which an estate sometimes exercises on its possessors. The account of the old Manor House in which Trevor Griffiths and his elder half-sister, Lady Anne Reston, live together in mutual good-fellowship and in humorous tolerance of one another's foibles, is extremely charming. Indeed, Mrs. Harrod has a true artist's feeling for beautiful nature, and is able to translate her feeling into words. Were she able to realise the characters of her story with as much vividness as she seems able to do their natural surroundings, "Mother Earth" might lay claim in very truth to being a remarkable addition to modern fiction. As it is, in spite of the clever sayings scattered through the book, the prettily told sentimental comedy does not persuade the reader. Sabrina Fairchild is daintily imagined, but she does not carry conviction, and could be as little taken for a real woman as could a charming portrait, however cleverly painted. Still, in these days, when scarce a week passes but sees the appearance of a new book dealing, often more or less inadequately, with country life in all its phases, "Mother Earth" may be commended as a novel written by one who is evidently a true nature-lover, and who knows how to place a pretty story amid surroundings and against a background of which it is a pleasure to read.

To the casual observer, prayers and pirates may not seem to be intimately connected; to those who wish to understand the true inwardness of this and kindred subjects, we heartily commend "The Noisy Years." For among all the charming stories about children, and these are very many, we know of none to surpass this one. Mrs. Dearmer understands child-nature in all its fullness: the whimsical fancies that float through a child's brain, and their quaint yet curiously adequate expression; the love that shows itself in strange gifts and humorously tender speech; and the naughtiness that is not always wilful, but often the outcome of prevailing circumstances. Little Toby is the imaginative child: his mother is his "Pet-lamb-tulip," and when the first separation comes it is with a pain that hurts him "where I keep my life, I think!" Robin is more practical, but not less lovable, and we advise readers of this brief notice to make the acquaintance of both without delay. Mrs. Dearmer has given us a true and tender picture of "The Noisy Years." Of necessity they bring us both anxiety and care, but with these many compensating joys. And the gladness of them lives in the memory, and is a lasting possession.

The American character has been bitterly and pessimistically defined as "that of persons who have their living to get, or who, by habit, continue to accumulate through life. Hence, the improvement of manners and mind is a secondary object; and everyone follows his own humour without any idea of deference to another." Mr. Benson evidently holds a different opinion as to his countrymen's desire to improve the mind, and "Bayard's Courier," a story of love and adventure in the cavalry campaigns of the Civil War,



STUART'S TWO COMPANIES BREAK INTO A FURIOUS GALLOP.

Reproduced from "Bayard's Courier," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

suffers by overmuch erudition. The fact that he has deemed it desirable not only to supply footnotes in support of statements in his book, but to insert therein a number of maps, is not calculated to enhance its popularity as light literature. Mr. Benson writes with evident knowledge of his subject, but the interest of his historical romance is far too slow in starting, and not even the mild complications brought about by the twin brothers—one fighting for the Federals and one for the Confederates, and both known as Dan Morgan—can arouse more than moderate enthusiasm. The author's failure to keep the attention of the reader consistently alert is the more regrettable from the fact that the second half of his story, in which the individual plays a greater part than the whole, is well, on occasion even excellently, written, and gives evidence of a nice power of description.

What the precise value of General De Wet's account of the war may be to the professional tactician, we should not like to say. Probably very slight; for the Boer leader does not explain how his successes were brought about, except by letting it be seen that a guerilla leader operating in a country which he and his men know well, under conditions which they thoroughly understand, helped in the intelligence department by every woman and most "non-combatants," has comparatively little difficulty in baffling invading forces of regulars. When De Wet himself turned invader, he met with signal disaster. But to the student of history the book will be of interest as revealing much of the mind and character of a very daring Boer leader. The dedication to his fellow-citizens of the British Empire, and the advice to Boers to be loyal because loyalty will be their best policy, must be discounted at once

by any intelligent reader. The whole book breathes an irreconcilable hatred of Britain. This is perfectly natural, but we hope that the fact will be recognised for what it is worth. The General is frankly disingenuous in his criticisms on our "war against women": his own words make it quite clear that every Boer woman left on a farm was a potential spy and commissariat officer. Had the Germans or Russians been fighting the Boers, they would have burned more farms than we did, but they would not have fed and sheltered their inmates. Another very disagreeable point in the book is the assumption that such corps as the Cape Mounted Rifles were traitors to the Afrikaner cause in that they, being regular troops in the service of the Crown, fought against the Boers! We can fully understand the Boer resentment against the National Scouts (whose existence, by the way, General De Wet antedates); but it is very pestilent nonsense to class the C.M.R. with these "tame burghers." Further, our author must know well that for sentimental reasons we refused to employ our Indian Army in South Africa; and yet he talks glibly of England as arming white and black nations against the Republics. Apart from these questions of tone, "Three Years' War" is a far less complete record of events than we might expect, because its author has taken no trouble to consult any of the accounts on the British side. Thus, his version of Sanna's Post is altogether misleading, since he seems not to know what was happening beyond his own field of vision. Allowing for all this, the book is extremely interesting as the diary of a man with great gifts of leadership and indomitable courage, who met—in the limited field which he chose—with amazing success. It is clear that he was nothing more than a brilliant cavalry leader: strategically considered, his successes were mere pinpricks. He gave his enemy infinite annoyance and prolonged the war, but he did not influence its issue. We notice that he discreetly suppresses all mention of his own cowardly and brutal assault on Colonel Bogle-Smith, an unarmed prisoner. No man is bound to incriminate himself, but to those of us who remember the incident the pious tone of the book must be nauseous. Sentimentalists, however, do not trouble their heads over outrages committed against a British officer, and this book will increase their hero-worship. The continuous record of British surrenders, some inevitable, but some by no means so, is melancholy reading. General De Wet is never vainglorious. His book, with all its faults, has permanent value.

There reaches us in very charming guise from America a reissue of the late Francis Hindes Groome's "Edward FitzGerald: An Aftermath." This, we need scarcely say, was first published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in November 1889, and was afterwards republished, with another paper on the author's father, Archdeacon Groome, in a volume entitled "Two Suffolk Friends." But in this new edition, many noteworthy things have been appropriately brought within the same covers as the "Aftermath." Thus, the "Proem" is an address delivered by the Hon. John Hay at a dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club of London. Mr. Watts-Dunton's appreciation of "The Tarno Rye," Francis Hindes Groome himself, is reprinted from the *Athenæum*. There are Miscellanies, in verse and prose—FitzGerald's Minor Poems and Notes on Charles Lamb, and Archdeacon Groome's "The Only Darter" and "Master Charley"; and the volume is illustrated by portraits of FitzGerald, of his mother and of F. H. Groome, and pictures of Boulge, Woodbridge, and other places associated with the translator of the "Rubáiyát." Even the bookplate is FitzGerald's, done by Thackeray one day in 1842 at Coram Street. Here, in fact, is a little volume to be prized by all true Omarians.

A dedication to the memory of Vicat Cole, however touching as an expression of fidelity in friendship, is not wholly promising by way of preface to a full appreciation of Turner. None the less, Mr. Chignell shows no lack of understanding when he comes to treat of the master; and his own literary equipment is remarkably efficient. Moreover, he has a decided advantage (and he knows it) over most of the other writers of the "Makers of British Art" Series, inasmuch as his subject is a far less hackneyed one than that offered to biographers by Reynolds, for instance. Ruskin has, in a sense, warned other writers off the field; and those who made the venture did so in illustration of a certain waywardness, not to say perversity, which followed them into the details of their undertaking. Mr. Thornbury's book is an anecdotal medley; Mr. Hamerton wrote his in illustration of his favourite text, that art is not concerned with truth to nature; Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's, so satisfactory otherwise, fashions a kind of shrine to receive the corrupt body of Turner the man, as handed down to us by contemporary gossip and a tradition that clamours for verification. Mr. Chignell, entering upon the labours of his predecessors, avoids their foibles and irrelevances. The incident of Turner's painting a scarlet lifebuoy on a grey picture of his own that hung beside a Constable, with a lake and vermilion scheme of colour, is taken out of the chronicles of ill-nature and put, where it rightly belongs, in those of a practical whimsicality, without a tolerant understanding of which the life of the studios must remain as a sealed book. Turner's goodwill was always at the service of the young men, those even with whom he had least in common. He added volunteer touches to a picture by Solomon Hart; and "many a time have I benefited by his wonderful knowledge of light and shade," is the unexpected testimony of Mr. Frith. Mr. Chignell must be congratulated on having succeeded in presenting us with a biography, pleasant to read, of the great painter.



NATIVES MAKING THE DURBAR DRESSES AND ELEPHANT-TRAPPINGS AT THE PRINCIPAL EMBROIDERY FACTORY WHERE CORONATION ROBES WERE MADE FOR QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "In the Chandni Chowk, at the workshop of Kishan Chand, the richest of the embroidery-merchants, I found his workpeople employed upon magnificent robes for Lady Curzon and embroideries and trappings for the State elephants. It seemed at first almost impossible that the motley collection of workmen squatting on the floor at their crude and dusty frames could be the real producers of the splendid work I had seen. Yet so it was. I asked Kishan Chand how he guarded against pilfering, and he told me that the material supplied to each man, silk, gold, velvet, and precious stones, was weighed night and morning."



THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: TYPES OF THE RETAINERS OF THE RULING CHIEFS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE

The spectacle presented by the great procession of retainers, which was held in the Durbar arena on January 7, was unique. Mail-clad Rajputs, Arab guards, Mahratta warriors, seemed in their wonderful panoplies a living page from the ancient history of India.

THE EFFECT OF THE GREAT NILE DAM UPON THE RUINS AT PHILAE.

DRAWN BY F. OCHVIE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE COURT OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS AT PHILAE AS IT APPEARED ON DECEMBER 28, 1902.

*The rise of the Nile waters, consequent upon the erection of the Assouan dam, has partly inundated the famous ruins at Philae, which have been underpinned to avert destruction.
The sacred precincts of Isis are now navigable by dahabiyahs with parties of tourists.*

THE ARCHBISHOP - DESIGNATE OF CANTERBURY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL.



THE RIGHT REV. RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON, K.C.V.O., D.D., BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Dr. Davidson was born in Edinburgh on April 7, 1848, and was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Oxford. Ordained deacon in 1871, he became private secretary and chaplain to two Archbishops—Tait and Benson. He has been Dean of Windsor; Registrar of the Order of the Garter; Sub-Almoner, Honorary Chaplain, Resident Chaplain; Clerk of the Closet to Queen Victoria; one of the Six Preachers of Canterbury Cathedral; and Bishop of Rochester. As Bishop of Winchester, he was Prelate of the Order of the Garter, and he is now Clerk of the Closet to the King.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the scientific sensations of the day—if I may employ such a term to describe an innovation—is undoubtedly the electrification of railways. By this phrase is meant the substitution of electric power for that of steam. In certain quarters, it appears, a railway is adopting the tramway principle of running cars independently driven by petrol motors, but it is the electrification of railways which appears to represent the motive energy of the future as applied to the requirements of ordinary life. By way of example, it is stated that the North-Eastern Railway are at present actively engaged in the work of altering their system so as to enable them to institute a tramway service on their rails between East and West Hartlepool. All around Newcastle—by which term I mean Shields, Jarrow, Tynemouth, and other places—there is carried on an immense local or omnibus traffic. In time, I doubt not, if the Hartlepool trials prove successful, we shall find a railway-tram service instituted to connect these populous places. The movement will extend to other districts. We shall have London following suit. The congestion of suburban traffic will be relieved by the rail-trams; and, as a concurrent development, we will have the suburbs brought more distinctly into line with modern requirements as abodes for city workers.

We have been so long accustomed to the ordinary suburban train-service that it is with difficulty we may awake to the notion of the railway becoming a veritable tram-line. But the electric tram has assisted our awakening. We have all seen what has been accomplished by the swift, frequent service in such towns as Leeds and Glasgow, where comfortable vehicles, well lighted and speedy in movement, have brought all quarters of a city into close-contact. Little wonder is it that the public have been quick to appreciate the merits of the tram and its neighbour the tube. I have occupied, as most of us have done, the best part of an hour in travelling from a London terminus to a suburb less than ten miles or so away. The groaning and lamentation over the defects of suburban services long ago became chronic.

When the electrical tram appeared with its speed, comfort, and absence of delay, it is little to be wondered at that the public learned at once to appreciate its advantages. A long train of carriages, drawn at no great speed by steam-power, with frequent stoppages, inevitably implies delay. This fact constitutes no reflection on the system. We were thankful to get railways in place of stage-coaches, and it is only an additional spirit of gratitude, evolved on the same lines, which makes us to-day appreciate the electrically propelled tram. The further evolution is that of the railway becoming a tram-line. It will replace its heavy trains by short ones composed of one or two long cars. In place of running eight or ten carriages, often half empty, at certain fairly big intervals, we shall have a rapid service as to speed, and trains running as often as do the trams. All this may necessitate revision of lines, and much expense, but it will pay the railway companies in the long run; and, what is more to the point, as the system extends, we shall have many districts made available for residence which at present are out of reach of the toilers and moilers in our big centres.

Coincidentally with the electrification of railways, we are, of course, developing our electrical resources in a marvellous fashion. The evolution of electrical energy in the few years of the past has been nothing short of marvellous. In Britain we are handicapped over a country like Switzerland by the absence of water-power. When I saw the electrical works which supply Davos Platz, for example, with light and power, works whereof the energy was derived from a mountain-fed stream that never fails, I realised what cheaply produced electricity meant. At home we are dependent upon coal as the generating source; and, therefore, if we are to get electricity cheap, we shall have to depend on engineering economics as our chief resource. Professor Perry pointed out, however, in one of his luminous addresses, that coal used to produce electrical power was being much more economically employed than is possible if it is applied to raise steam. The more electricity, therefore, the greater the saving in coal, because your electrical engine gets nearer to its work, and more directly does its work, than is possible with any steam-engine.

The other day Professor Hele Shaw, in the course of his Christmas lectures to juveniles delivered at the Royal Institution, London, gave some interesting statistics regarding the utilisation of natural water-power in the service of man as an electrical generator. There are twenty twin-turbines of 5000-horse power at work at Niagara. This power represents nothing like the available energy which tumbles over the Falls. In winter, we are told, 7,000,000-horse power so passes away, and energy to the tune of sixteen millions in summer. Only 100,000-horse power is at present utilised. An interesting speculation was raised by the idea that the big falls of the Zambesi might be utilised in the future to enlighten the Dark Continent in a very practical fashion. They give, in the rainy season, five times the power of Niagara.

The present age might very well be described as one of locomotion; and the varied ways and means which engineering is applying to give us easy transit are well worthy of our deepest admiration. We are to have a mono-rail between London and Brighton, and one between Liverpool and Manchester, carrying us along at a rate of over one hundred miles an hour. I often wonder what effect on our physical constitution such innovations may exert. Perhaps the man of the future will develop on the lines of the motor-man to-day. He will need special protection for his high speeds.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

L. DESANGES.—Many thanks for kind wishes, which we heartily return. Problem shall be examined.

A. W. MONGREDIEN.—Solution to hand.

F. J. McK-G.—They shall all receive careful consideration, and be reported upon in due course.

HERBERT A. SALWAY.—Problem shall appear next week.

B. R. ATKYNS (Taunton).—Look at the position again and you will discover your error.

F. W. ATCHINSON.—Problems such as you describe will always receive attention.

G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.—On looking through your problem again, we find it mated by duals. We should be pleased to see another specimen.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3051 received from J. E. (Valparaiso); of Nos. 3054 and 3055 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3056 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3058 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3059 from J. Paul Taylor and Emile Frau; of No. 3060 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and Captain J. A. Challice; of No. 3061 from Albert Wolff (Putney), A. G. (Pancsova), M. A. Eke (Folkestone), Ernest S. Richmond (Brighton), C. H. Allen, A. J. Allen, F. E. B. (Hampstead), Hereward, Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell), G. W. R. (Rainhill), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Joseph Cook, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Emile Frau, Dr. Goldsmid, and F. W. Atchinson (Crowthorne).

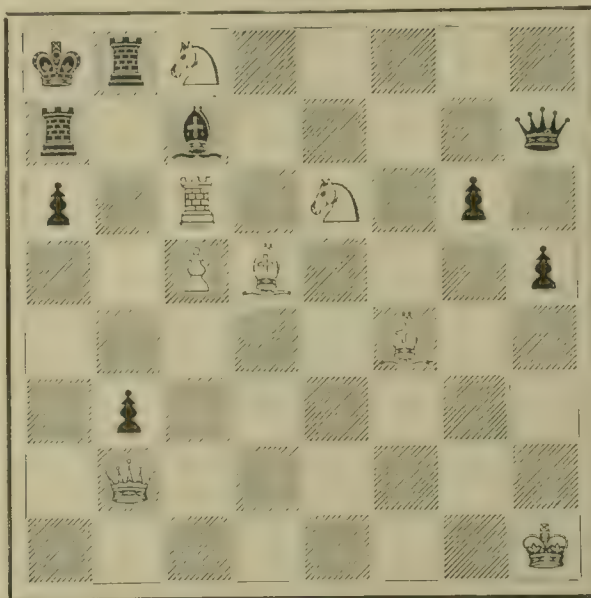
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3062 received from Edith Corser (Reigate), Rev. Robert Bee (Cowpen), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Martin P. Thomas Henderson (Leeds), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. H. Hildyard (Steuatham), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Reginald Gordon, R. Worters (Canterbury), and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3061.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 5th. Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3064.—By P. DALY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN BIRMINGHAM.

Game played between Messrs. J. BONNEY and F. FEENY in consultation, and Mr. MARSHALL.
(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.).	BLACK (Allies).	WHITE (Mr. M.).	BLACK (Allies).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt to K 4th	B to Kt 5th
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	18. Kt to K sq	Q takes P (ch)
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Kt to B 2nd	K R to Q sq
4. B to B 4th	P to Q 3rd	20. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
5. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	21. P to Q Kt 4th	B to K 7th
6. P to Q 4th	P takes Q P	22. K R to B sq	R to Q 4th
7. P takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	23. Q R to Kt sq	P to Q B 4th
8. B to Q 2nd	Castles	24. P takes P	R takes B P
9. B takes B	Kt takes B	25. R takes R	Q takes R
10. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q 4th	26. Q to Kt 4th	Q takes Q
It is this counter-attack, coming before White has had time to Castle, which eventually proves effective for Black.		27. R takes Q	R to Q sq
11. P to K 5th	P takes B	28. R takes P	P to Q 7th
12. R P takes Kt	Kt to Q 4th	29. R to Kt 7th	P to Q 8th (a Q)
13. Q to B sq		30. Kt takes Q	B takes Kt
Apparently Q to Q and is sounder. Screenshot or other, Black begins to gain the upper hand from this point, and the Allies hereafter give their clever opponent not the slightest chance.		31. R takes R P	P to Kt 3rd
14. Castles	Kt takes Kt P	32. K to B 2nd	R to Q 6th
15. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 6th	33. P to K R 3rd	P to R 4th
16. Q to Q 2nd	P to Q B 3rd	34. R to K 7th	K to B sq
		35. R to R 7th	B to Kt 6th
		36. P to Kt 4th	R takes P
		37. P to B 4th	P takes Kt P
		38. P to B 6th	K to Kt sq
		39. R to R 8th (ch)	K to R 2nd

Black wins.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played by telegraph between Messrs. WILTON (Victoria) and CRACKENTHORPE (New South Wales).
(Scotch Game.)

WHITE (Mr. W.).	BLACK (Mr. C.).	WHITE (Mr. W.).	BLACK (Mr. C.).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. R to K 3rd	R to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. P to K 5th	P to Kt 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 2nd
4. Kt takes P	B to B 4th	18. P takes P	P takes P
5. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	19. Kt to K 4th	Q to K 4th
A line of play not very often adopted; the usual Q to B 3rd is considered best at this point. Q to B 3rd, P to Q B 3rd, K Kt to K 2nd, Q to Q 2nd, P to Q R 3rd, leads to an even game.		20. Kt to B 6th (ch)	
6. B to Q B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	It is odd that this sacrifice of a piece should be good enough. The position is curious.	
7. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	21. Q takes P	Q takes Kt
8. B takes B	R P takes B	A venturesome chance shot. The proper move is R to Kt sq, and White could then hardly do more than draw by Q to B 7th and Q to B 6th alternately.	R takes P
9. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	22. Q takes B (ch)	Kt to K sq
10. Castles	Q to K 2nd	23. Q takes Kt (ch)	R takes Q
11. R to K sq	Q to B 4th	24. R takes R (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
12. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	25. R takes R	Q to B 6th
13. Q to K 2nd	R to K sq	26. R to K 3rd	Q to Q 8th (ch)
14. P to K R 3rd	Kt to R 4th	27. K to Kt 2nd	Q to Kt 8th
Or he might play either R to Q R 4th or R to K 4th, with a view to a King's side attack.		28. R to R 7th	Q takes Kt P
15. Q to K B 3rd		29. R (K 3) to K 7th	P to K 4th
With the threat now of 16. P to K 5th; and if R takes P, 17. Q takes Kt would be sound.		30. R takes P (ch)	K to R 3rd
		31. P to R 4th	Q to R sq
		32. P to Kt 5th, mate.	

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider column articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

IN THE FOX-COVER.

The fox-cover, spreading over some ten or twelve acres, stands in the heart of the land, inviolate save when the hunt comes to the Hall and the famous pack invades its most secret places. Leased by the lord of the manor to the Landshire Hunt, and frequently visited by the local hunting-men, who ride round the boundaries to see that all is quiet within, it is preserved as zealously as the sanctuary of red-deer in some vast Highland forest. Being the tenant of the surrounding shooting, and free from even a remote suspicion of vulpicide, I am at liberty to stroll through the cover if I keep to the path and do not take gun or dogs with me, and I enjoy the privilege. Truth to tell, the hunt has rather overreached itself. In order that no poacher might be tempted to the cover, they planted gorse and thorn so thickly that the bulk of the land is now impassable; even the hardy dogs cannot make their way through it, and though there are plenty of foxes, it is quite rare for one to be forced to break cover. Trees, hedgerow, and undergrowth race towards the light; brambles spread in every direction; the four great patches of greensward that were to be seen when I first came to the land six or seven years ago are encroached upon until they are scarcely a quarter of their former size, and though the place may well delight the naturalist and the lover of peaceful retreats, the hunt has reason to be disappointed, and expresses its sentiments fluently and in words concise.

In the spring, when the gorse is all aflame with flower, and the chestnuts that shade one side of the boundary are musical with bees, the hues of the bushes would baffle the greatest masters of colour. Every shade of green is there; the sycamore and wych-elm flower beside the chestnuts; the sterile ash is full of leaf; the beech-trees, standing well apart, look like sentinels on duty. All the birds are building there, full of a sense of security that comes with experience; baby rabbits play about what is left of the greensward, and at twilight one hears fox calling to vixen in the deeper places that the brambles hide. There are the inevitable tragedies: magpie, carrion-crow, and jay build within the precincts of the fox-cover, and not all the joy of spring can make them less hungry or less cruel; but the general note of the place is happiness. Summer waxes and wanes; the riot of greenery spreads in manner recalling the legend of the Briar Rose that Sir Edward Burne-Jones immortalised; there are hours in the afternoon when one can believe that the shady, brambled ways lead to some enchanted castle wherein Beauty sleeps, dreaming of her release. Save for the subdued notes of birds and the music of the little stream that flows unceasing under the willows, the silence is profound; the Hall is a mile away, the village three times as far, and all the land is deserted.

Autumn comes, transmuting the green to gold, giving the cover as many colours as it had from spring, but quite a different set. From lightest yellow to deepest red, here heavily, there lightly, the season lays her hand, and at her bidding the hidden places yield their secrets, and all the enchantment that summer wove is rent asunder. Even then the cover is full of varied life. The rabbits, fat and lazy, sit in scores along the banks; partridges, scared by the gun, seek the refuge that the cover never fails to afford; foxes retire to its recesses on their return from predatory expeditions to the poultry-yards—they do not bother about rabbits when they can get poultry, and at the proper season of the year, baby foxes and young rabbits may be seen playing together. Then comes the fateful day when the hunt streams across the meadows from the Hall, lighting all the place with the bravery of scarlet and white; when all the places from which Reynard can break cover are under observation, and the voice of the huntsman is heard encouraging the pack. Then great unbroken coveys of partridge rise in swift flight for the fields where root-crops linger; a stray pheasant or two mocks the red and white of the hunting-men with a braver display of green and crimson and gold; the rabbits disappear; magpies and jays pass scolding from tree to tree, and the startled blackbirds scream as they leave their bushes. Only the foxes are silent, passing from one piece of dense cover to another, until at last some old dog-fox, more venturesome than the rest, breaks away, and one sees the pack pick up the scent, with all the gay field in hot pursuit.

But fur and feather are in no hurry to forget the intrusion. Outside their sanctuary they seem to recognise man's right to pursue them, and will return to favoured spots for food or rest one day after the guns have passed. Here the case is different; they did not expect invasion and resent it. The partridges lie out on the stubble or fallow lands, and leave a field as soon as anybody enters it; foxes seek the ditches; rabbits sit nervously at the edge of their homes—the unrest is very widespread. Only as the days pass and the silence remains unbroken do the charms of the place reassert themselves, the denizens return and slowly forget their wrongs. Happily for them, the hunt covers a very large area, and two or three visits to the cover in the season suffice the Master.

When I am shooting in the immediate neighbourhood and know that the hunt is coming on a certain day in the near future, I give the field all round the cover a wide berth. If I have seen foxes in any other part of the land I give due notice, and in return for these civilities, the cover is given into my hands some day in January or February of the year, when the hounds have drawn it for the last time in the season. Some half-a-dozen guns are invited; one or two ferreters bring their best muzzled ferrets; vantage-ground is chosen, and the rabbits have their worst experience in the year. They are there in their scores—their hundreds, one may say, without danger of exaggeration—their runs are everywhere, and their warrens' passages must be miles in length. But they have not been shot for at least a year; they are fat and lazy and ignorant of danger. So the powder does not speak in vain; the boys grumble at the load they must carry; the gun-barrels are too hot to handle; the farmers rejoice greatly, since this day's work saves acres of young crops from devastation; and half the village has rabbit for dinner.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT CHATSWORTH.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES AND PERFORMERS.

The amateur theatricals held at Chatsworth on January 9 were very successful, and were attended by most of the leading people of the county. The house-party included the Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Princess Henry of Pless, who recited a musical monologue, "The Eternal Feminine."

SCENES AND INCIDENTS, HOME AND FOREIGN.



A DIVER'S FIRST LESSON AT WHALE ISLAND: THE LEARNER COMING UP ON HIS BACK, THROUGH PRESSING THE WRONG VALVE.—[Photos. Cribb.]
One man holds the air-tube, another the life-line (in the core of which is telephone-wire), a third uses the telephone.

THE NEW SUBMARINE TELEPHONE: HOW THE MODERN DIVER COMMUNICATES WITH THE UPPER AIR.

A PROPOSED TRAINING SCHOOL FOR LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS: THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE AT DUNGENESS, TO BE SUPERSEDED BY A NEW TOWER.—[Photo. Beard.]

THE OLD UNIFORM. CEREMONIAL DETAILS AT THE VATICAN: THE NEW UNIFORM OF THE POPE'S "GARDE NOBLE."

A CABLE-STEAMER AGROUND: THE "GREAT NORTHERN" ABANDONED AT ZANZIBAR, DECEMBER 5.—[Photo. Gomez.]

THE ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS: THE GRAVES OF THE FIVE ABBOTS WITHIN THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.—[Photo. Palmer Clarke.]

van Houten's Cocoa



"A Good Beginning is Half the Battle,"

so start the day well by taking Van Houten's Cocoa at breakfast. It not only nourishes and invigorates the body, but tones up the nervous system and gives force and energy for the day's work. It is as delightful to the taste as it is beneficial to health.

By Van Houten's special process of manufacture the subtle delicacy of the finest cocoa beans is retained, while an added value is given to the resulting beverage by the increased ease with which it can be digested.

Sold by all Grocers. Don't forget to order a tin next time!

LADIES' PAGE.

One of the prettiest of periodical social events is the children's annual fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House. The happy faces of the little ones and their absolute lack of self-consciousness make it a charming spectacle, apart from the fact that the costumes worn



AN OPERA-CLOAK IN WHITE CLOTH.

are often elaborate and interesting. Many of the disguises at the children's ball given by Sir Marcus and Lady Samuel on Jan. 8, were of a familiar type—clowns, fairies, kings and queens, pierrettes, policemen, and so forth. Children often prefer to be "dressed up" as some character well known to them either in real life or in pictures. In the middle of the evening, the little guests form a long procession, and walk past the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress as they stand on the dais. Among those who joined the procession were Miss Sono Fukuyasua, the little granddaughter of Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador. She wore her national costume, and was a most picturesque figure. Miss May Dimsdale, the daughter of the ex-Lord Mayor, represented the famous philanthropist, Elizabeth Fry. Master Frank Samuel was a "Gentleman of the Eighteenth Century," Master Colin Stern was a "North American Indian," Miss Madge Frankford was a "Basket of Roses," and Miss Lillie Rosenberg was "Little Britain" from "Mice and Men."

Fancy-dress balls perennially flourish, for the child-like love of "dressing-up" does not desert most people until old age. A typical costume at a recent ball represented the Indian Durbar. The dress was of white satin, with a front panel upon it embroidered to represent a tiger-hunt on elephants; a large cloak of purple velvet hung from the lady's shoulders, and was trimmed round the edges with ornamental embroidery, all gold and jewels, and bore also in the centre an embroidered design representing the jungle. The Indian turban worn on the head was topped by a howdah. Costume-dresses of different periods are tolerably easy to achieve. The pictures by Reynolds or Gainsborough, which are so easily accessible both as engravings and in the great portrait collections, may be copied for the eighteenth century. Vandyke comes to advise us for a hundred years earlier; and the Elizabethan characteristics are well known. Other very distinctive styles present few difficulties. The Tudor dress is particularly suitable for mothers of dancing young folks. Girls, on their parts, can wear very fanciful dresses belonging to no particular period and distinguished only by equally fanciful names. It is not necessary that fancy dresses should be made of too extravagant materials; as they are not likely to be worn many times—perhaps only once even—it is just as well to consider economy in their construction. The girls at one of the great American Universities for women gave last winter a big fancy-dress ball to their friends under the title of a "Washington Party." All the guests were requested to don costumes similar to those

worn at the time of the War of American Independence; but it was stipulated that the dresses should all be made of cotton materials. Capital effects were thus produced. The dress in which Washington himself appeared was accurately copied—only girls were present at all, be it understood—in brown sateen for the coat, knee-breeches of white duck, long white stockings, and vest of white cretonne sprinkled with pink rosebuds; ruffles at the throat and wrist were indispensable, but they were made in cotton lace. Cretonne, muslin, printed cotton, cheese-cloth, and similar simple materials successfully made a large number of the dresses of the period; for in such materials the most delicate colours and also the most varied designs and harmonious shadings can be obtained.

Flower-costumes are particularly easy and becoming. Consider how the beauty of a brunette would be enhanced by a poppy costume, the skirt, low bodice, and short sleeves formed of flounces of crimson nun's veiling edged with a fine black fringe; a corselet of green velvet and a black tulle drapery round the hips fastened at the left side with a cluster of imitation poppies, a wreath of the same being worn on the head. A becoming costume for a dashing type of girl is that of a bacchante. This dress could be carried out suitably in mauve crêpe-de-Chine, the edge of the skirt ornamented with embroidered clusters of purple grapes and vine-leaves. A leopard-skin should be fastened up the front, while the décolletage is edged with grapes and leaves. A somewhat wild wreath of vine-leaves is worn on the hair, which should be left to curl loosely on the shoulders. A quiet dress, and one becoming to a blonde, is that of a "snow-fairy," or, if preferred, a "snowstorm." The foundation is a perfectly plain-fitting white satin Princess robe. Over it falls a loose veiling of mousseline-de-soie covered with a network of white silk pom-poms of various sizes, but gradually getting larger towards the feet. The décolletage is edged with white roses. The hair-ornament consists of a few white flowers, clusters of falling pom-poms, and a silver star. A shimmering silver scarf, flung lightly over the shoulders or used as a veil on the hair, completes the design.

Characters from successful costume-plays running at the time are usually to be seen at fancy-dress balls; and styles to be worn with powdered hair will never lose their popularity, as it is so becoming to the majority of ladies.

Those with slightly faded complexions welcome the style, as a little make-up on the cheeks is perfectly allowable; while to a fresh young face nothing is more becoming than the white frame. The hair should be turned back from the face and dressed low on the neck after the manner that is now most fashionable for everyday wear. A few light curls are allowable on the forehead, and an Alexandra curl over one shoulder is usually an improvement. Plenty of ornament is in keeping, roses, aigrettes, pearls, and chiffon all being suitable. The best method of powdering the hair is as follows: After it is dressed it should be slightly greased, so that the powder does not fly off as soon as applied. Then dip a large puff into white violet-powder, hold the hand over the head and jerk the elbow. The more lightly the shower of powder falls the more satisfactory will be the result. Naturally the costume must be protected by a sheet covering the entire person during the operation. In many old houses may still be seen the powdering-closet that was usual in the days when men as well as women whitened their chevelure. It is provided with an opening cut in the door, through which the head was put to be powdered as the completion of the toilette, the valet or maid with the powder-puff of course standing inside.

It is so seldom that a Cabinet Minister gets married that in any case much interest would have been created by the wedding of Mr. Brodrick; but when, further, the bride is the daughter of so popular a person as Lady Jeune, the interest is naturally intensified. Although the day on which the ceremony took place was damp and cheerless, the scene inside St. George's, Hanover Square, was brilliant in the extreme. The building was most beautifully decorated with white flowers, and the aisle was lined with officers and men in the scarlet and grey uniform of the South Surrey Imperial Yeomanry, of which regiment the War Minister is Hon. Colonel. The bride's gown was of regulation white Duchesse satin veiled with filmy white chiffon, which formed numerous frills round the feet, over which fell a vandyked flounce of accordion-pleated chiffon. The train was of chiffon, much puffed and gathered, and draped down the right side by a wide flounce of exquisite point de Venise. The chiffon bodice had yoke and undersleeves of Brussels lace. A magnificent lace veil was worn, and a becoming wreath of orange blossom, while the bouquet was of white lilies or orchids. The bridesmaids wore white satin with chiffon fichus and sashes of blue Chiné ribbon blurred

with heliotrope. The hats were of a delicate shade of blue ornamented by plumes of the same colour. The little maidens, one of whom was Mr. Brodrick's own youngest daughter, wore Kate Greenaway dresses of white satin with collars of écaru embroidered net, and close-fitting Dutch bonnets with lappets to correspond with the collars turned back from the face. Lady Jeune, the bride's mother, wore a regal costume of grey velvet, trimmed with fine old lace and dainty touches of Pompadour combination—pink and pale blue. Her bonnet was of lace, trimmed with chinchilla, and she carried a bouquet of pink roses.

Among the distinguished people I noticed in the crowded church were Princess Christian and her two daughters. H.R.H. was attired in brown-faced cloth, with toque to correspond, trimmed with sable. Her costume was finished by a large sable cloak. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein wore a grey dress, simply made, and a large black-and-white hat. The gown of Princess Louise Augusta was a beautiful colour, a delicate rose-pink, and the material was the fashionable zibeline. She wore also a long coat to match, and her hat was black, with white feathers and touches of pink showing slightly. Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, wore black velvet relieved with white. The Marchioness of Tweeddale was also in black; her furs were chinchilla, and her toque was trimmed with violet pansies. Lady Helen Stavordale likewise patronised black. Over her gown she wore a short sable coat with a lace yoke. Her costume was lightened by a pale-blue hat trimmed with azure plumes. A great many charming velvet dresses were to be seen. The Marchioness of Londonderry had chosen an exquisite shade of deep blue. Another much admired gown was a Princess shape of green velvet, trimmed with three bands of sable round the edge of the skirt, a flat flounce of pointed guipure falling over the fur. There was a tiny bolero of the lace fastened with fur bands. Another velvet costume was of a pale fawn colour, and was made with a pouched bodice and a basque reaching two-thirds down the length of the skirt. The basque was open up the seams for some distance, and the large tabs thus formed were edged round with a band of otter. The bodice was made with large revers of blue cloth embroidered in gold and edged with otter. The waistbelt and the undersleeves were of the blue cloth, gold-embroidered. The beautiful presents numbered between seven and eight hundred. His Majesty the King sent a massive silver-gilt inkstand, the lid being



A VISITING GOWN OF VELVET AND LACE.

formed of the royal coat-of-arms in high relief. Besides this regal gift there were five other inkstands—all beautiful.

One of our Illustrations this week represents a smart costume in stamped velvet. It is trimmed with bands of white lace, while on the corsage are jet ornaments connected by cords. The other drawing shows a magnificent opera-cloak in white cloth, decorated by white lace embroidered with jet. The shoulders of the flounced cape are finished by epaulettes of fringe, while the deep revers are of ermine. FILOMENA.

Drinking the Cook's Health.

At the end of a successful dinner in the good old days, "The Cook's Health" was a pretty complimentary toast to culinary skill.

Modern Cooks use LEMCO, and the delight of her guests is a compliment to the hostess as largely appreciated as the "Cook's Health" in the good old days.

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*Matchless
for the
Complexion*

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London recovered so rapidly that he was able to preach on behalf of the East London Fund last Sunday at Bournemouth, and to speak for the same cause at the Mont Dore Room on Monday. Last year he was accompanied to this annual meeting by the Bishop of Stepney, and the crush was so great that late comers lost the opportunity of hearing these two most popular Churchmen.

This year Bishop Lang spent his New Year holiday at Torquay, where the Bishop of Islington was also staying, and sermons for the East London Church Fund were preached on the second Sunday after Christmas. Another eminent clergyman who has gone to Devonshire for a brief mid-winter rest is Dean Armitage Robinson. He is spending a fortnight at Teignmouth.

Canon Strange, Vicar of Edgbaston, will be in residence at Worcester during February, March, and April. He will return to Birmingham for the following three months, and will take leave on July 31. The Rev. G. Godfrey Burr, Vicar of Rushall, is to be the morning preacher at Edgbaston on the Sundays in Lent. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Chamberlain, when at home at Highbury, regularly worships at Edgbaston Parish Church.

The Bishop of Peterborough has now quite recovered, and has resumed his diocesan duties. A service of thanksgiving for his restoration to health was held in Peterborough Cathedral on the first Sunday of the year. Dean Barlow preached in the evening, and his sermon, which was a striking review of the events of 1902, contained a sympathetic reference to the Bishop's prolonged illness.

An interesting event to East Anglians was the placing of memorials to the late Prebendary and Mrs. Brereton in the parish church of Little Massingham.

An arcade of five arches, designed to correspond with the pulpit, which is of Caen stone, with pillars of Cornish marble, has been placed on the north wall of the chancel. Mr. Brereton was for thirty-four years the much-loved Rector of the church. The memorial to Mrs. Brereton is a handsome oak reredos. At a crowded service held to mark the completion of these memorials, the Rural Dean,

and Dr. Sanday. These addresses will be much appreciated by Churchmen of all schools, and this is by no means the first service of the kind that Mr. Adderley has rendered to Marylebone.

The beautiful old church of Holy Trinity, Micklegate, York, is now being restored to something of its former

glory. It was from the Priory of Holy Trinity that the clergy of Leeds were supplied down to the Reformation. The first Christian structure on the site dates from the Roman occupation of Britain. The present scheme is to restore the ruined west bay (including the west front), to add a triforium, and rebuild the tower. The old west gallery, which was haunted by the Holy Trinity Church ghost, referred to in Mr. Baring-Gould's "Yorkshire Oddities," is to be pulled down. The present Rector, the Rev. J. Solloway, is a keen antiquarian.

The *Record* ventures on the gloomy prediction that Mr. Balfour's period of office during the life of the present Parliament is not unlikely to be "marked by an extraordinary succession of ecclesiastical vacancies," and that "he will therefore leave a very distinct mark upon the Church." Threatened men live long, and no one will rejoice more than Mr. Balfour should this doleful prophecy be falsified. V.

The Orient Steam Navigation Company announce the commencement of their 1903 season of pleasure

cruises. No. 1 cruise, starting on Feb. 26, is to the Riviera and on to Palestine, calling en route at Tangier, Palma, Sicily, Crete, and Cyprus, returning home by way of Alexandria, Naples, Algiers, and Gibraltar. The second cruise, leaving London March 14, is to Tangier, Malaga, Nice, Palermo, Crete, Smyrna, and Constantinople, visiting on the return voyage the Piræus (for Athens), Nauplia, Katakolo (for Olympia), Naples, Algiers, and Gibraltar.

Observations on Care of the Mouth.

By Dr. A. B. GRIFFITHS, LONDON.

A considerable number of disorders, and notably many affections of the stomach, can be avoided by careful attention to the health of the oral cavity.

Particular importance attaches to cleansing the mouth, which is often done in an ineffective manner. This cleansing of the mouth should take place at least twice daily: in the morning as a regular part of the toilet, and in the evening before retiring to rest. The latter is to be stringently recommended to smokers and to all who have damaged or carious teeth. The habit of rinsing the mouth after every meal is, unfortunately, by no means universal, but the adoption of this custom would be certainly accompanied by great advantages. The rinsing need not take place immediately after the meal. Rinsing the mouth should not be hurried through, but be effected as thoroughly as possible, the water being driven by energetic movements of the muscles of the cheeks and lips into all parts of the mouth, and particularly backwards and forwards through the teeth. This assures the removal of adhering particles of mucus or of food, whose decomposition is the cause of mischief and of an unpleasant smell. The temperature of the water should be *lukewarm*, and such as is agreeable to the mouth.

In the case of adults the use of the toothpick is indispensable, to remove morsels of food which may remain fixed

between the teeth. The toothpick should be of elastic wood or of ivory, or formed of a pointed quill. Picking the teeth with any hard metal point is to be deprecated.

I cannot recommend the use of either tooth-powders or of tooth-pastes. These preparations are frequently injurious, and effect only an imperfect cleansing, in addition to which they generally merely plug up hollows or crevices. For cleansing the teeth an antiseptic mouth-wash must be used. Nothing, however, is to be said against the occasional additional use of a very fine tooth-powder. Tooth-pastes should never be used. But an antiseptic mouth-wash must always be employed as the principal means of cleansing the teeth, as a mouth-wash alone is capable of effecting its purpose in all parts of the mouth, whilst merely mechanical methods of cleansing by brushing with tooth-powders or tooth-pastes can never do anything more than effect a purification of the anterior surfaces of the teeth.

Still, the teeth should be thoroughly cleansed with a tooth-brush at least once a day, and best in the evening, so as to remove any larger fragments of food. The ordinary way of cleansing the teeth is to draw the brush horizontally backwards and forwards over the front of the teeth. This is a mistake. The brush should be moved upwards and downwards, and applied not to the fronts of the teeth alone, but so far as possible also to the backs, and to the back teeth in particular. During the brushing a small quantity of an antiseptic mouth-wash should be kept in the mouth, so that anything brushed off the teeth may not be merely driven hither and thither, but washed out of the mouth. The brush should not be too hard, but of a medium softness.

In conclusion, the rinsing water should be used for gargling. Noisy gargling serves no particular purpose.

A small draught of the rinsing water should be taken, the head bent backwards, so that the water may flow slowly to the back of the mouth until the muscles of the pharynx respond with an automatic contraction, when a slight movement of the head forwards will eject the water from the mouth.

The mouth-wash must satisfy the following requirements: (1) It must be innocuous to the teeth and to the mucous membrane. (2) It must have a sufficient antiseptic effect. (3) It must have an agreeable and refreshing taste. (4) It must be capable of restoring the perfect sweetness of the breath.

A consensus of the experiments of the leading specialists shows that the above-mentioned requirements are best satisfied by Odol, which is, for this reason, regarded in scientific circles as the most perfect preparation for the cleansing of the teeth at present known. The preparation has this remarkable peculiarity, that it continues to be effective for hours after the rinsing of the mouth has taken place.

The taste of Odol is extremely agreeable. Odol is supplied to the public in two distinct flavours—"Sweet Rose" and "Standard Flavour." The former is delightfully mild, and in special favour with ladies, while generally "Standard Flavour" is preferred on account of its more expressed taste and refreshing and invigorating effect. When the teeth are cleaned with Odol the whole mouth is rejuvenated as the body is by a bath.

Everyone at the time of cleansing the mouth in the evening should also purify the tongue either with a brush or with a small tongue-scraper. It is almost incredible how pleasant a sense of refreshment this evening cleansing of the tongue affords.



DELHI, THE DURBAR CITY: CARVED STONE PILLARS IN A MOSQUE.

the Rev. Henry Ffolkes, paid a striking tribute to the late Rector.

The Rev. J. G. Adderley has arranged for a very interesting series of sermons on critical questions to be held at St. Mark's Church, Marylebone, on the next few Sundays. Canon Kirkpatrick, of Cambridge, preached last Sunday on "How to Read the Old Testament," and among later preachers are Dr. Knowling, Dr. Swete,



DEWAR'S PERTH WHISKY



Drake-Gandy.

'BANG WENT SAXPENCE
AM FEELIN' A 'RIGHT.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1900) of Colonel Harry Leslie Blundell McCalmont, C.B., of 11, St. James's Square and Chieveley Park, Newmarket, M.P., who died on Dec. 8, was proved on Jan. 3 by Colonel Barklie Cairns McCalmont, Sir Hugh McCalmont, K.C.B., and Maximilian George Rooper, the executors, the gross value of the estate being sworn at £2,000,000. The testator gives £10,000, the freehold premises 11, St. James's Square, and the contents thereof, and during her widowhood an annuity of £15,000, and the use of Chieveley Park, to his wife, Mrs. Winifred McCalmont; £25,000 to his step-daughter, Barbara Fanning; an annuity of £5,000 to Barklie Cairns McCalmont; an annuity of £2,000 to Sir Hugh McCalmont; an annuity of £2,000 to James Martin McCalmont, and an additional £1,000 per annum in case and whenever and so long as he shall be a member of the House of Commons; an annuity of £1,000 to his mother, Edith Florence McCalmont; annuities of £2,000 each to his sisters Ethel Edith Robinson and Margaret Anna Rawlins; £25,000 to each son of Barklie Cairns McCalmont, Sir Hugh McCalmont, and Captain James



DELHI, THE DURBAR CITY: A GATEWAY IN THE PARANA KHILA, OR OLD CITY.

Martin McCalmont, except such son as shall succeed to his residuary estate; an annuity of £1,000 to his grandmother Emily Georgina McCalmont; and annuities of £1,000 each to his aunts Evangeline McCalmont and Florence Emily Corse Scott; and of £200 each to his aunts Mrs. Andrew Hook and Mrs. Henry Hook. Colonel McCalmont further bequeaths £1,000 each to his executors; £1,000 to his agent at Chieveley, Hubert J. Garrod; £200 per annum each to Mrs. William Campbell, Hubert Blackmore, and Henry Collwell; £100 per annum to Miss Emily H. Fagge; one year's wages to each servant, and one month's wages to each of the crew of his yacht and his stablemen and studmen. The executors are empowered to carry on his breeding establishments and farms. In default of issue, Colonel McCalmont leaves the residue of his real and personal estate in trust for the eldest son of his nearest relative, Colonel Barklie Cairns McCalmont, in seniority in tail, with remainder over to the first and other sons of his cousins, Hugh and James Martin McCalmont.

The will (dated Oct. 9, 1868) of Mr. William Lisle-Williams, of 53 and 54, Bread Street, E.C., and Woodthorpe,

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This gravure will form a magnificent companion to "The Relief of Ladysmith," and, like that picture, will be free from advertising matter.

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Sprinkle it about where a suspicious smell is detected—
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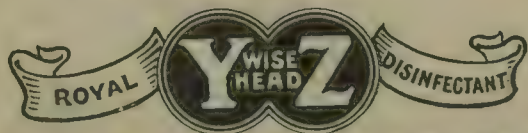
Y Z for disinfecting & washing bedclothes,
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AND THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE
OF INFECTION.

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germicide; it is no dearer than soap

Y Z to Scrub floors,
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destroys vermin.

Y Z in hospitals &
public institutions, for disinfection.



**A SOAP, DEODORISER,
AND DISINFECTANT**

LEVER BROS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.



Chichester Road, Croydon, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Jan. 6 by Mrs. Phæbe Lisle-Williams, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £183,212. The testator gives all his estate and effects to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated June 3, 1890) of Mr. Francis Mather, of Parkside House, Prestwich, who died on Sept. 24, has been proved by Mrs. Emma Buckle, the daughter, and Francis Mather, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £165,831. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then for his children Francis and Mrs. Buckle. He also states that he makes no provision for his son Arthur, as he believes him to be drowned; but should he be alive, then he requests his son and daughter, but without implying any trust, to divide his property between themselves and his son Arthur.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1900), with a codicil (dated Sept. 30, 1902), of Mr. Percy Mitchell, of Cranford Hall, Cranford, Kettering, and of Vernon Holme, near Canterbury, who died on Dec. 17, was proved on Dec. 31 by Wyrley Peregrine Birch, Frederick James Peregrine Birch, and William James Morris, the executors, the value of the estate being £140,078. The testator gives the income of £10,000 to his aunt Florence Cartwright, for life, and then the income of £5,000 to her daughter, Mary Muriel Osborn Cartwright, while a spinster; £1,000, and while a

spinster the income from £30,000, to May Golding; £1,000 each to the Royal Masonic Institutions for Boys and Girls; £5,000 to his aunt Emily Osborn; £2,000 each to his nieces Winifred, Dorothy, and Beatrice Nutcombe Gould; £1,000 each to his nieces Olive and Marjorie Nutcombe Gould; and £500 each to his executors and Henry Percy Birch. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety to his sister Mary Mabel Mitchell, for life, and then for her children, and the other moiety, in trust, for his sister Edith Gould, and then for her five daughters.

The will (dated July 26, 1899), with a codicil (dated May 1, 1902), of Mr. Ambrose Knight, of Glenshee Lodge, Guildford, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Dec. 30 by Arthur Hibbert, Frederick Houghton, and the Rev. Henry Newton Dymond, the executors, the value of the estate being £87,050. The testator gives an annuity of £100 to his late wife's sister, Ellen Garrod; £100 each to his executors; annuities of £52 each to his nieces Ada and Grace Doyle; £50 each to Alfred W. Knight, Wellington Alfred Knight, and Sidney Herbert Knight; and legacies to servants.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1901) of Mr. Eli Parkinson Ackroyd, of Nab Wood Cottage, Shipley, Bradford, who died on Nov. 8, has been proved by Walter Jackson and George Herbert Hollingworth, the executors, the value of the estate being sworn at £49,063. The testator gives £5,000 each to the Bradford

Infirmery and Dispensary, the Bradford Children's Hospital, and towards the fund for the building of St. Peter's Church, Moorhead; £1,000 each to his executors; his dwelling-house (with the land adjoining) and the household furniture to Christiana Reed until she shall marry, and then for her daughter Mabel; £2,000, in trust, for Henry Bentley, for life, and then for his daughters Isabella and Mary; £500 to Joseph Hudson; and a few small legacies. The testator leaves the residue of his property, in trust, to pay the income thereof to Christiana Reed until she shall marry, and then for her daughter Mabel, but should her daughter die under the age of twenty-one, leaving no issue, the ultimate residue is to pass to the Bradford Infirmery and Dispensary and the Bradford Children's Hospital in equal shares.

One of the most remarkable literary figures north of the Tweed is that of Dr. John Mackintosh, who wrote the monumental "History of Civilisation in Scotland" while carrying on the business of a newsagent. His work, which was written under the shadow of Marischal College, Aberdeen, brought him the degree of LL.D. from the University; and it will be gratifying to his many friends throughout the world to know that a testimonial to Dr. Mackintosh is proposed. The scheme is being furthered by an influential committee. Mr. William Littlejohn, advocate, Aberdeen, is hon. secretary and treasurer, and will duly acknowledge subscriptions.

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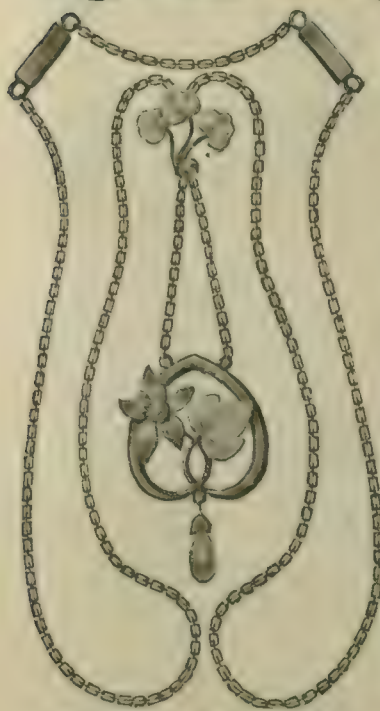
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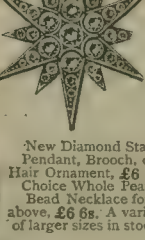
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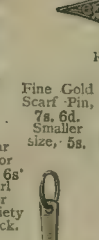
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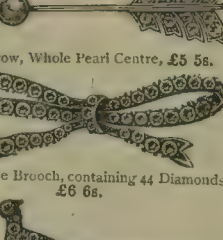
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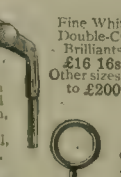


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For an excellent object the Playgoers' Club gave an excellent concert on Sunday evening, Jan. 11, at Covent Garden Theatre. The concert was a promenade one, and the purpose a pantomime fund for poor children. Last year this club gave twelve thousand children a bewilderingly happy afternoon and a treasure-house of happy memories. Subscriptions are invited to be sent to the hon. treasurers, Playgoers' Club, Clement's Inn, and sixpence will give one child this treat. Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth lent the theatre, and a large number of the profession sold programmes, while all the artists gave

their services. The orchestral part was undertaken by the band of the Coldstream Guards, conducted by Mr. Rogan, to whom is due the honour of introducing the gorgeous "Overture Solennelle: 1812" of Tchaikowsky into this country, for he brought it under the notice of Mr. Henry Wood, who first produced it at the Queen's Hall some years ago. The band also played Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2 and the "William Tell" overture of Rossini. Madame Marie Brema sang magnificently Dr. Elgar's song "Land of Hope and Glory," Mr. Lewis Waller recited twice, Miss Evangeline Florence sang with her bird-like trills "Lo! here the gentle lark," and many other artists gave generously of their best.

An admirable appointment has been made in the musical directorship of the Bach Choir in the person of Dr. H. Walford Davies, organist and conductor of the Temple Church choir. He has already raised that body to a height of perfection, and the Sunday afternoon services—into which, by way of an anthem, are generally interpolated selections from some oratorio—are much appreciated.

On Thursday, Jan. 15, at the Broadwood Concert at the St. James's Hall, Miss Ethel Wood, by kind permission of *Punch*, will sing the "Reverie of the East," composed by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, which appeared in *Punch* on Thursday, Jan. 8. The score is said to have curious musical progressions common to Southern Indian

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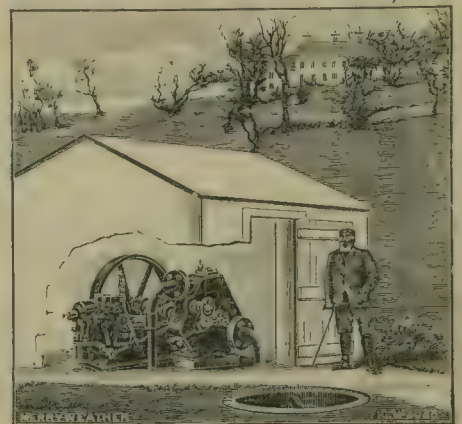
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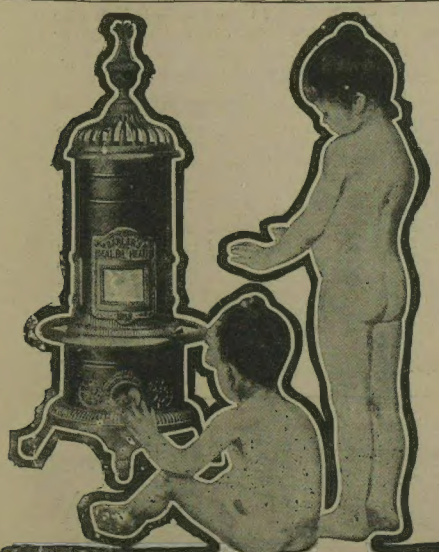
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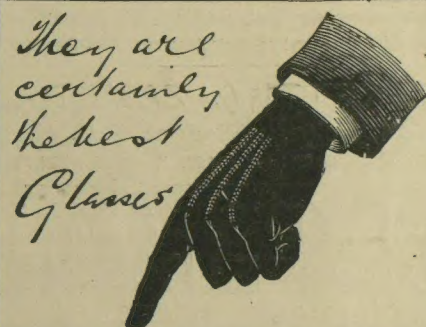
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music, which should be very fascinating contrasted with our conventional tone.

On Saturday, Jan. 10, the Popular Concerts were begun again at the St. James's Hall, and a large audience assembled. The quartet instrumentalists were Messrs. Johann Kruse, Haydn Inwards, Fésir, and Herbert Walenn, and the pianist Mr. Harold Bauer. The principal items were the D Major Quartet No. 3 of Beethoven, and Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet, which is always popular. Variations on a theme by Handel, arranged by Brahms, were brilliantly played by Mr. Harold Bauer, who seems to find a facile joy in what is to less gifted pianists a difficult piece of work. Madame Marie Brema was at her very best in the cycle of "Frauenliebe" of Schumann.

A most welcome announcement is already made concerning the next season at Covent Garden. Dr. Richter is to conduct two performances of the "Ring des


Nibelungen," the first series beginning on April 27 and the second on May 4, when the incomparable rendering of Brünnhilde will be given by Fräulein Ternina. Two singers will make their début, Madame Bolska and Frau Fürster. The opera "Andrea Chenier," by Giordano, is to be produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company very soon. The singers will be Madame Lucille Hill, Miss Winifred Ludlam, and Messrs. Julius Walther, Arthur Deane, and Alex. Bevan. M. I. H.

"The Art Journal" (Virtue) for 1902, although containing a great amount of valuable material, seems to us to have lapsed somewhat from its former excellence of printing if the copy we have received is to be taken as a sample of the whole issue; but possibly we have been unfortunate. The series of articles of most permanent value is probably that dealing with the armour in the


Wallace Collection by Guy Francis Laking. There is a very sympathetic and charmingly illustrated memoir of Kate Greenaway from the pen of Mr. Austin Dobson.

Among handy works of reference we have received the indispensable "Whitaker's Almanack," which again performs its annual miracle of condensation with the same skill and care as formerly. A convenient pendant to this work is "Whitaker's Peerage," which gives in abridged form the gist of aristocratic genealogy. In "The Clergy Directory" (J. S. Phillips), another useful compendium, it is curious to note the extraordinary number of "John Jones" that hold benefices. Progressive women will find all their interests tabulated in "The Englishwoman's Year Book" (A. and C. Black), edited by Emily Janes. "Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" makes in its preface a little apology for the merits of brevity, and is itself their best possible vindication.

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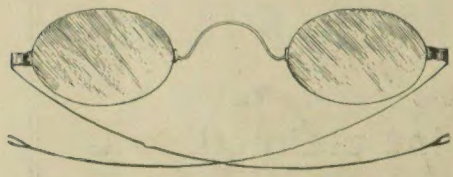


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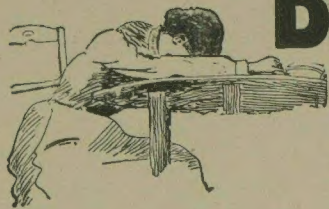
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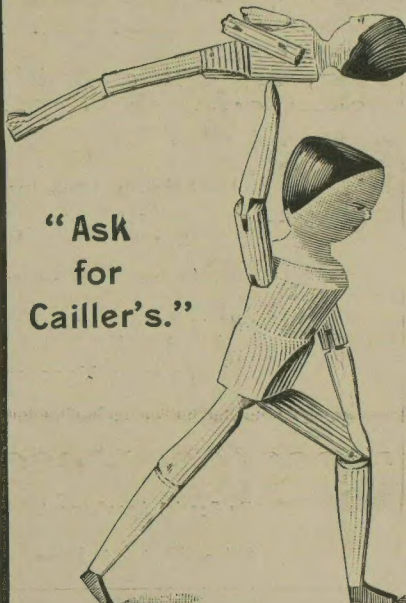
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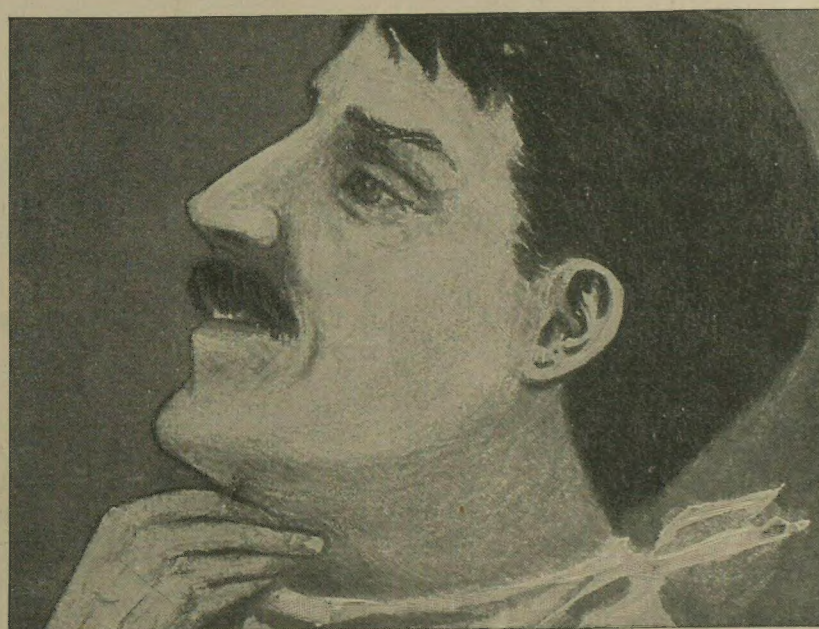
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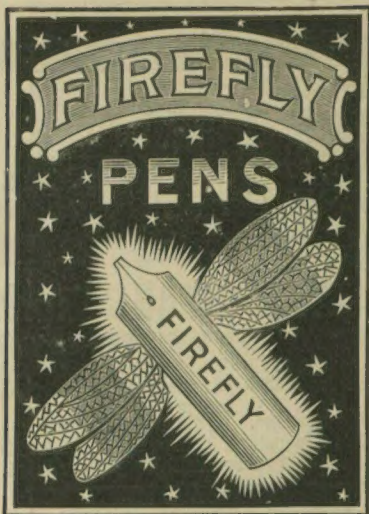
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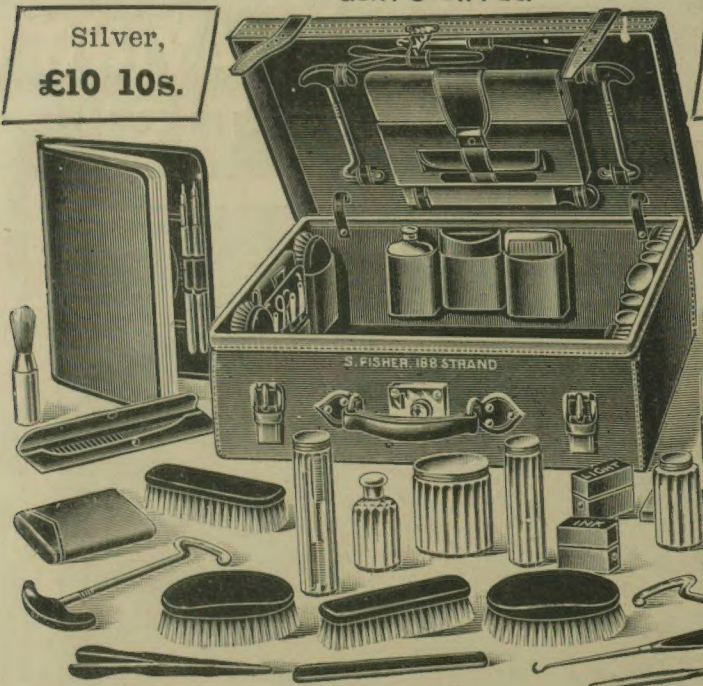
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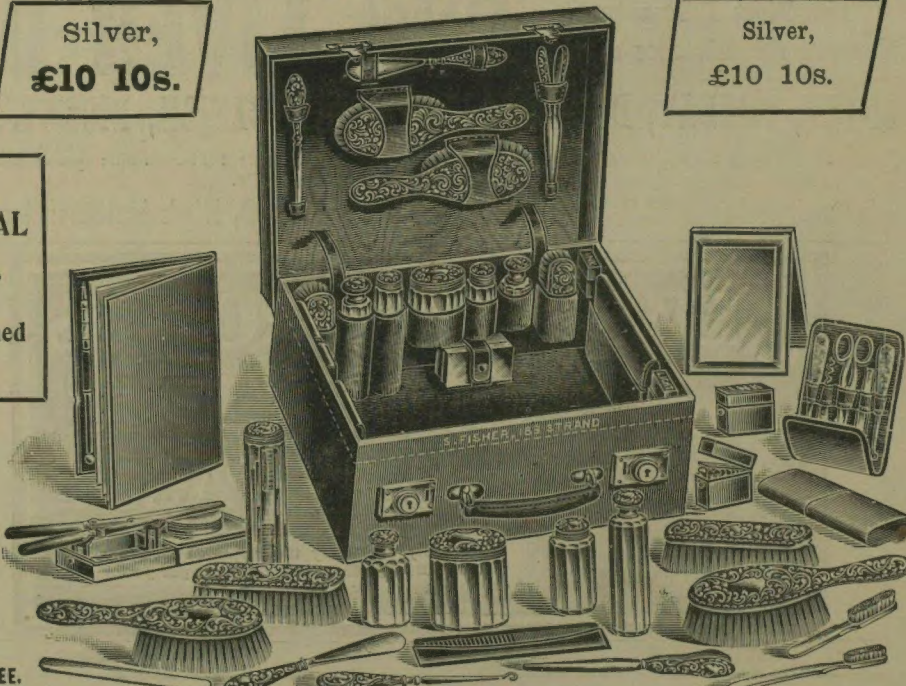
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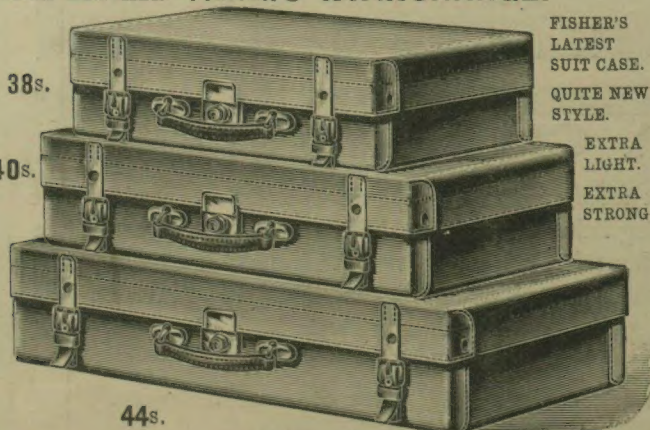
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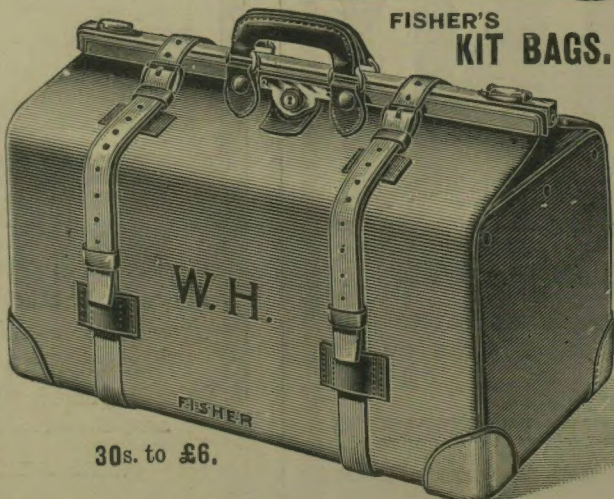
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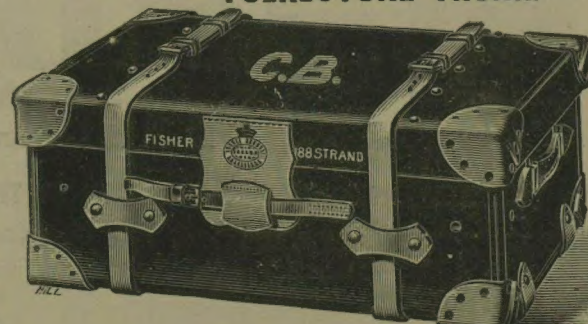
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